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HER PICTURE.

Sunlight falls on her pictured face,
Rimmed in a frame of gold;
The self-same pose of a careless grace,
That I remember of old.
'Twas here we stood long years ago,
She in that very dress!
And I heard this syllable—sweet and low
From her rose red mouth, 'twas—"Yes!"

So many years! And yet I'll swear—
Now, standing in this place—
I can smell the rose she hath in her hair,
While I look upon her face!
I feel the clasp of her slender hand,
Gentle, yet clinging fast,
And I almost feel I'm young again,
Though so many years have past.

And yet, could I live over the space
Of those Indian summer days,
Bring back to my life this sweet, fair face,
The canvas here portrays,
Were it wise to lose the peace that is mine,
For the restless hopes that have fled?
Not so: whatever is—is best.
"Let the dead past bury its dead!"

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHICH WINS," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A DAY in April, a faint, sweet, warm day, fairer than any which summer can give, because full of promise as well as present beauty.

A pathway, beloved of primroses, went through the wild woods that cover the cliffs of Porlock.

Cynthia Gray found out this delicious place for dreaming before she had stayed a day in the little hotel.

She was always awake with the sun and loved to rise almost as soon as he did. Her companion, Mrs. Vane, never got out of bed till twelve o'clock, unless she had to catch a train.

Very often she did not appear till two: she had the very art of laziness, and would lie perfectly still through the finest hours of the day, without even a book to read.

Thus the early morning was Cynthia's own property; she could do as she liked then.

And this liberty she fully appreciated, for she had been educated in a French convent and had as yet seen little even of trees and flowers.

She was an only child; her mother had died while she was a baby, and her father, immersed in his large business affairs, was very glad to entrust her to the good nuns.

They did not teach her much, but the little was taught well.

She spoke pure French and good English.

She could sing a little, paint a little, and sew exquisitely.

She knew nothing of the world, of men, or of their manners; but she was learning as fast as possible.

On her poor father's death, she had been sent home to her mother's half-sister, Mrs. Vane.

Cynthia's mind was expanding with wonderful rapidity.

She had a sense of this, and it added a new pleasure to life.

It was only three months since she left the convent in Canada, where her quiet girlhood had passed.

When she came to England, Cynthia prayed for a visit to the country—the heart of the country—before settling down in town for the season.

Mrs. Vane very readily agreed to this.

There was no one in town, and no fun to be had there.

She entertained a patronizing kind of affection for the country herself.

Only she preferred it in the hunting season.

Some malicious people declared that Mrs Vane was the widow of a horse-breaker; probably this only arose from a touch of the stables which sometimes appeared in her conversation.

Far away up the woodland pathway Cynthia had found a fallen tree.

It had been blown down among the roots of its fellows by some great sea-wind.

Now the air was so sweet and still that such gales seemed an impossibility; that broken giant lay hidden among the tall brambles a few yards away from the path, on the side where the cliff dipped seawards.

Among its branches Cynthia found a happy nook from which she could see the shining clumps of primroses upon the pathway, and also through the branches watch the wide sea and the gulls hovering over it.

Cynthia had perhaps never before been so happy in all her life as when she found this little nest, where she could sit through the still hours.

On this fair April morning, as she was snugly ensconced in her bower, she heard some one coming up the pathway with a rapid step, speaking as he came.

Without moving, she looked eagerly from her riding-place to see who this intruder might be.

He was a tall man who had about him an air of ardent and eager youth; he was strongly and well built in figure, and his face, though not exactly handsome, was correct of feature and outline.

His head had a somewhat classic stamp, well shaped and well set.

His dress set off his figure to the greatest advantage.

He wore a white flannel jacket, knickerbockers of the same material, and thick-ribbed heather mixture stockings.

A large orange-colored silk handkerchief was tied in a loose knot round his neck, and on his head was a gray Scotch cap lined with orange-colored silk.

Close to Cynthia's fallen tree, the primrose-dressed path became level, instead of climbing over the cliff.

There was a brief table-land, and here it was possible to make a promenade in comfort.

This fact evidently struck the unknown, for he turned, when he had reached the limit of the level path, and walked back again, muttering to himself. Suddenly he stopped, and standing quite still, broke out into earnest speech—

"Wouldst thou have me go and beg my food,
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This must I do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother."

How Cynthia's heart leaped and thrilled within her!

The words were muttered passionately, sadly, and as if in earnest and immediate appeal.

She felt convinced, for a second, that he saw her, spoke to her, and that she must make answer.

This noble youth—this young hero in such a plight!

And how wonderful his voice—how its tenderness touched her—how the defiance and heroic resolve fired her!

Ah, but how it was!—for, before she had time to realize her thoughts or feelings, he had dropped his voice back to the melancholy note in which he had uttered the first words, and repeated them—

"Wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?"

Cynthia clasped her hands in an unconscious expression of solicitude and despair. Was it possible—could it be that he was in such distress?

Might it be possible in any way to help him?

But how offer help to such a gallant-looking being?

While her mind hung trembling over this audacious thought, the unknown began to speak in a totally different manner, with a new animation.

She did not hear all he said so clearly, for he moved down the path a little and put his hand upon one of the trees as he spoke.

"Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night . .
. . . . . Carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she!"

The last words were uttered in such a manner that they fastened themselves upon Cynthia's mind, never to be forgotten.

She wondered afterwards—how often!—what they meant.

At the time she was too absorbed to look for meaning—absorbed in observing the graceful gestures of the unknown, and in drinking in the melody of his voice. For it was melodious, deep, yet clear, and highly developed.

Cynthia had never heard any one speak with such a variety of tone.

She did not know where the charm lay in this voice to which she listened.

The unknown had disappeared down the pathway after his last words.

Cynthia looked and listened with a beating heart.

Was he gone?

Would he not return?

Yes—he came back speaking again, and now in a voice more varied, more wonderful, to Cynthia's eager ear than before—

"I saw thee—a spirit of bloom
And joy and freshness, as if Spring itself
Were made a living thing and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Enter'd the breast of the wild-dreaming boy,
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer!"

Here he paused, and after a moment, repeated the last few words in an altered, a deeper tone; then, with a change of manner went on—

"Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou will, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope."

The words came rapidly—a flood of poetry of passion, of fire and feeling.

Sometimes he paused and repeated some words, altering his manner as he did so. Cynthia found herself unable to follow the meaning of what he uttered: he appeared to hurry so quickly, with such great strides of feeling from one fierce emotion to another.

She listened, trembling and amazed, while he rose into passion, passed suddenly into a sort of stern indignation; then, after violent words, he paused a moment, and fell upon his knees upon the grass. Kneeling thus among the primroses he uttered six words in a voice which made tears rush into Cynthia's eyes.

"All angels bless and guard her!"

Immediately the words were spoken—before Cynthia could see through the mist he had brought before her vision—he started up and went off along the pathway with the long, easy stride which seemed to be his usual way of walking.

Cynthia sat motionless, stunned by the vision that had passed away.

She tried to wake herself—to think.

What man could this be who had such great thoughts, such wonderful words, and who uttered them in such a rare and melodious voice.

"He must be in some terrible distress," thought Cynthia; "but it must be almost worth while to be unhappy if one can speak beautifully about it.

"This must be a great man—a great poet; and it has been granted to me to hear him when he fancied himself alone, breathe out his passion and his unhappiness to the sky and sea!

"What a strange lot mine is, to know of his madness, while he knows not that I know it!

"I must keep his secret!

"What brother can be cruel to such a man—what sort of woman is she that scorns him?"

Closing her eyes, she let her mind dwell on the memory of his form and face.

At last she roused herself, remembering that she must return to luncheon, or Mrs. Vance would think she had met with some accident.

She left her hiding place and came out on to the pathway, which seemed to her still full of the presence of the romantic unknown.

How she felt about him may be guessed from a little fact; where he had fallen upon his knees he had left some primroses crushed and broken.

Cynthia stooped and gathered those flowers—and, hiding them away under her cloak, looked round anxiously lest she should have been observed.

But there was no one to notice her; the woods were unpeopled, save by herself and the stranger, who, with his rapid swinging walk, was already far on the next cliff.

Rapt in her new wonder, Cynthia went homewards down the steep pathway.

It passed out of the woodland after a while and wandering along the edge of some fields, separated from each other by low walls, built of large stones.

Mrs. Vane was standing at the door of the little hotel which constitutes the one actual house of Porlock Weir.

She was reading letters, the walking postman having just arrived.

The pleasant old-fashioned hotel stood low in a sheltered hollow, with the sea close before its windows.

The little garden which separated it from the road was full of spring flowers.

A great cluster of narcissi which leaned their lovely heads against the paling were already personal friends of Cynthia's; she could not pass them by without looking into their eyes.

She did so now, raising the fair blossoms tenderly.

"Good morning Cynthia," said Mrs. Vane.

"What an early bird you are! Ready for lunch? I am.

"I'm absolutely starving.

"The house will be all right, that's one comfort.

"Markham says it shall be ready for us by the end of the month.

"We must go to town before then, I suppose.

"Live at an hotel a little, and see the things are done properly at the house."

"Let us stay in the country as long as possible, cousin Kate; it is so delightful!"

"All right, my dear; I'm agreeable. I dare say Markham will be able to arrange matters; he's a good fellow, and knows me. Come and let us have luncheon. I'll read the other letters afterwards."

This lady, whom Cynthia called cousin Kate, was in reality her aunt.

But when they first met, and Mrs. Vane found that Cynthia had no one in the world but herself, and that circumstances evidently intended them to live together for some time, she had had a long talk with her new companion, during which they had made various little arrangements; among others of a more important character, this one, that Mrs. Vane was to be called cousin Kate.

For Mrs. Vane had still some considerable pretensions to beauty; and she had an unappeased hunger for those pleasures in life which youth and beauty alone bring to a woman.

She was a flirt of the hopeless type, which will flirt with anything that wears male attire.

Undeniably a showy and handsome woman, she attracted attention wherever she went, and was proud of it.

She had a wonderfully delicate complexion, a quantity of reddish yellow hair, and what her dressmakers called a magnificent figure.

The post went out at three; and, after lunch, Mrs. Vane kept Cynthia talking about the answers which had to be written to various tradesmen.

Cynthia made very vague absent replies; but Mrs. Vane seemed to like consulting her.

"We'll go over to Barnstaple and get my old friend Ben to buy you a house, Cynthia. You must ride in the Row while we're in town; and next winter we'll have some invitations for the hunting."

Cynthia made no reply to this: the future was all vague and unformed before her—she had no idea what a season in London was like, or what Mrs. Vane meant by the hunting.

It was all new to her.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Cynthia was earlier than ever at her window, looking anxiously out to see if it were going to to be warm and fine.

It dawned fairer and clearer than ever. The girl went down to her breakfast, and sat over it, wondering which way she should walk that morning.

She had a feeling that it would be very wrong to go up the woodland path again; and yet, not long afterwards, she found herself with the accustomed book in her hand, walking in that direction.

There was a little flush on her face—she kept her eyes on the ground—she had an idea that she ought not to go to her favorite fallen tree.

Yet her feet steadily took her there, spite of all she could do.

Having once reached her nook, she resolutely turned her face towards the sea, and opened the volume she had with her. Yet she read no word and turned no page—unconsciously she was listening very eagerly—listening intently.

At last she heard a step—and a voice.

Unable to prevent herself from doing it against her will, she turned and looked. He was there again, the unknown; he had ceased speaking, and was standing still, reading from a thin book which he held in his hand.

Presently with a quick, impatient gesture he shut it and put it into his pocket; then he advanced a step or two, paused again, and began to speak—very deliberately—

"I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behavior to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies' in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love."

Cynthia listened, more lost in wonder than before.

This did not carry her out of herself as did the poetic speech of yesterday; she understood it, and trembled because she did so.

He talked on, and she heard with the keen ear of amazement.

How was it that she had never heard any one speak like this before?—clearness, with a voice and manner that interpreted the words, and, more than all, in such beautiful words!

"May I be converted, and see with these eyes?

"I cannot tell.

"I think not.

"I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster.

"I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool!"

The way in which he uttered this sentence interpreted its meaning to Cynthia; a dim sense of comedy—a thing hitherto unknown and undreamed of in her life, shook and bewildered her.

It grew upon her while he went on speaking.

"Till all graces be in one woman, one woman cannot come in my grace."

"That is too much to ask!" thought poor Cynthia. "But, oh, he cannot mean it seriously!"

"Rich she shall be, that's certain"—Cynthia eased her heart, with a sigh that held in it a world of meaning—"wise, or I'll none"—Cynthia shrank at the thought of how little wisdom she had acquired as yet—"virtuous, or I'll none; fair, or I'll never look upon her"—strange—at these words Cynthia began, for the first time in her life, to wonder very earnestly whether she were fair or no—"mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel"—Cynthia thought, with a new sense of pleasure, that her mother's mother had brought blue blood into the family—"of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair—her hair—shall be—of what color it please God!"

Cynthia drew a deep sigh of relief at this conclusion.

Her mind was a chaos.

She knew not what was comedy and what was earnest in this strange speech.

Her heart and brain stirred; she felt herself awakening to strange and new sensations under this potent influence.

Was it possible that the power lay in her to appreciate such emotions as these? She trembled at herself, at her thoughts—at her guilty, delicious eavesdropping.

That day when she returned to the hotel, she professed to have a headache.

She wanted all the afternoon to think over what she had heard, in the silence of her own room.

Mrs. Vane followed her, and sat on the bed, chattering nonsense, for a long time; until Cynthia hit upon the subterfuge of shutting her eyes and pretending to be asleep.

Then at last her talkative companion went away; and, rising, Cynthia softly locked her door, and began to pace her room, repeating to herself all she could remember of what she had heard.

She felt that no man could be greater than this young poet whom she knew so strangely.

But still "I have to be wise," she thought—and opened her trunk of books.

The following morning Cynthia behaved like a heroine.

She assured herself that she still had a bad headache, and that she had better stay at home.

She dared not trust herself to leave her room.

She felt convinced that, did she do so, her feet would carry her to that woodland pathway.

And it seemed to her indelicate, hardly honest, to listen secretly to her poet's rhapsodies, which he intended for no ear but his own.

So to-day the two ladies went out together.

Cynthia was full of dreams, yet very sad at the sense of deprivation which heroism had entailed upon her.

She was in her quietest, stillest mood, whereas Mrs. Vane was in exuberant spirits.

She chattered on sufficiently contented with Cynthia's murmured monosyllabic answers.

"I do feel well to-day," she said, with an air as if that fact ought to make every one else "feel well" too.

"Upon my word, this little place has done me good.

"I say, Cynthia"—suddenly—"here are some men—and my eyes deceive me if it isn't Lord Ayrtoun, and—no—yes it is, Eric Vavasour!"

Cynthia looked round.

Two young men in flannels were rapidly approaching them.

Instantly the girl saw that one of these was her unknown, her poet, the hero of her young romance.

Her eyes dropped she blushed crimson, and then turned pale.

She felt that she knew him so intimately—it was very hard to believe that he did not know her at all!

She saw her hero glance at Mrs. Vane and instantly look away again.

He went on, past the ladies, away down upon the beech.

But his companion raised his cap, smiled pleasantly, though with a sort of embarrassment—hesitated a second—and then approached Mrs. Vane.

"What an unexpected meeting!" he said, smiling very amiably.

"I'm glad to see you," declared the widow; then she added, laughing. "How that fellow Vavasour does hate me!"

"It's extraordinary," said Lord Ayrtoun. "What did you do to him?"

"Laughed at him—at least, he thought so—ridiculous fellow, lots of people get the same idea, because I laugh to amuse myself, I'm laughing at them!

"Vavasour shouldn't be so foolish, for I believe he's a good fellow all said and done.

"Let me introduce my cousin; Miss Cynthia Gray—Lord Ayrtoun.

"Come and have dinner with us to-night won't you?"

"What would Vavasour say if I deserted him in that fashion?" asked the young man.

"You're awfully kind; but I am afraid I must decline, with thanks. Besides, we're off to town to-morrow, and must pack up our traps to-night."

"I am sorry for that," answered Mrs. Vane, "though you'd have been off, in any case, directly Vavasour knew I was here.

"Well, come and see us in town, won't you?

"I've changed my address, you know; it's Hyde Park Gate now. I'll send you a card when I get back.

"You must come to my house-warming.

"Promise me you will!"

"With pleasure.

"Now I must go, for I've got a sketch I must finish this afternoon, or else it will be for ever unfinished."

"Painting down here?"

"Yes, painting hard," returned Lord Ayrtoun, his amiable smile disappearing, and a look of seriousness taking its place. "If I may, when you get back, I will bring you some sketches to look at I have made here; that is, if you or Miss Gray would care to see them."

"We shall be delighted. And what's Vavasour been doing down here?" asked the lady.

"Studying his parts.

"He brought down Claude Melnotte to learn; and then he got a letter from Miss Merrion, asking him to play Orlando and Benedick with her at some matinees she intends to give at the beginning of the season; so he's got to cram those too. It hasn't improved his temper."

"I should think not!" laughed Mrs. Vane.

"And is that little fright really going to play Rosalind and Beatrice?"

"She is a good actress," suggested the young man timidly.

"You think so? Well there's no accounting for tastes."

"Will you come and see Vavasour in Melnotte?" asked Lord Ayrtoun, looking at Cynthia as he spoke.

"Don't ask her," interrupted Mrs. Vane; "she does not know anything about acting. Positively she's never been in a theatre. There's verdancy for you! We shall have plenty of theatre-going, I assure you, when we get back to town.

"Well, good-bye, if you must go. Don't forget to call."

Lord Ayrtoun bowed, smiled, raised his cap, and then hurried off in the wake of his friend.

"Nice boy that!" said Mrs. Vane, in a promising tone.

"He fancies himself an artist, the young idiot!

"Why, Cynthia, you had really nothing to say!

"Is a Piccadilly swell too much for you?"

Cynthia opened her mouth, but shut it again without speaking.

After all, did it matter what cousin Kate thought?

Meanwhile Lord Ayrtoun made his way down to the beech, in search of his lost friend.

He found him at last, carefully screened by a promontory.

He was sitting on a stone with a disgusted air, smoking a short pipe in a fierce sort of a way.

"Glad to see you again, old boy," he said as Lord Ayrtoun approached him.

"Thought you were going to stop altogether with that horrid Mrs. Vane. How on earth you can speak to that woman I don't know!"

"Oh, she's jolly in her way!" replied his friend.

"Besides, you know, it's a bore to quarrel with a woman one meets everywhere. Did you notice the girl with her?"

"No," answered Vavasour. "I never look at girls. I find, if I do, they think I'm in love with them; and that's a nuisance you know.

"I shall never marry, except for money, so I have no wish to raise false expectations."

"Modest, I am sure!" laughed his lordship.

"It seems to me, Vavasour, that you're not quite as sweet as you might be to-day."

"Perhaps not," acknowledged his companion, with a more good-natured laugh; "nor would you be, if you had about a thousand words to learn by heart, and about as good a memory as an unflogged schoolboy."

CHAPTER III.

FOR a couple of seasons Mrs. Vane had been a familiar figure in London drawing-rooms.

She appeared on the scene suddenly, a widow just throwing off her weeds, and introduced herself to her step-mother's connections, people of the highest standing.

According to the account which, in her communicative moods, she offered to her acquaintances, her husband had been an invalid for years, and had deprived her consequently of the society she liked to enter. He had been sent to Egypt for his health, and there had died.

She had certainly been in Egypt, for she made acquaintances there who had found her a very amusing hotel-friend, and who still liked her gaiety and her good luncheons.

She had what is called a *bijou* cottage at Kensington.

She always had a first-rate cook and some excellent wine.

The cottage had something the air of a place furnished throughout by an artistic upholsterer, ornamented by a supply of jars sent in from a Japanese warehouse, and crowded with flowers out of a costermonger's cart.

Still it was pretty and pleasant, and Mrs. Vane, though a trifle too loud in her laugh and too quick with her tongue, was a very excellent hostess when she wished to be so.

By dint of laying herself out for that purpose, she had become a favorite with many of those people whom it was good to know.

It was possible to her to suppress her vulgarity of speech and boisterousness of manner for an hour or so when it was absolutely necessary; and this capacity served her in good stead.

Still she had not made what she evidently desired to make, any real figure in society.

Now, however, she was about to take the town by storm in a new fashion.

She had let her cottage, furniture, Japanese jars and all, and had taken a fine house at Hyde Park Gate, which was furnished in the newest fashion, in the most complete manner, and, as her upholsterer considered in the most perfect taste.

Mrs. Vane was intensely happy in her new house, full as she was of innumerable plans and projects.

She was a great believer in herself and her own discoveries and powers of management.

There were no such tradesmen in all London, according to her own account, as those she dealt with.

Cynthia left her to find the incomparable cook and kitchen-maid, to order the admirable claret and champagne, to discover the most trustworthy shop for early strawberries, and finally to ask all their acquaintances to luncheon and dinner.

Cynthia seemed to have her own ideal, and to propose living in her own fashion. She never appeared to think it necessary to help Mrs. Vane in all these arrangements of hers; she accepted them as being of necessity admirable.

She dressed herself in her own way, but always well, and came smiling to the lunch or dinner table.

The house-warming which Mrs. Vane had talked of resolved itself into an afternoon "at home."

She sent cards to everybody she knew. The result amazed Cynthia.

To her unaccustomed eyes it seemed that the entire population of London had come to call and to drink tea *en masse*.

Although she had seen the great number of cards sent out by her cousin, she had not expected, such a visitation as there was.

Mrs. Vane had disappeared after luncheon and, as the first knock resounded through the house, entered the drawing-room in a marvellous toilette.

It inspired one with a dread that it would split disastrously before the day was over, or that some strange entanglement might occur among the flounces and ribbons which lay upon the ground.

Mrs. Vane adored dress, or rather she recognized it as a vital necessity of her existence.

She found Cynthia in the conservatory, dressed just as she had been at luncheon in the color she affected—gray.

"Are you going to wear that this afternoon?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane. "Never mind; it's too late to change now; and, after all, I like you so. What an odd creature you are!"

She began to laugh, giving to Cynthia a dim idea that this laughter was caused by her oddity—in fact that she was being laughed at.

But Cynthia was indifferent, or rather she had no morbid sensitiveness. She had her own standard.

She was convinced that there was nothing absurd about her gray dress, even though it was very simple.

The large double drawing-room soon began to fill, and after a while Cynthia lost count among the crowd of faces.

She forgot whom she had been introduced to, and who was who.

She sank upon a chair which she espied in a secluded corner and looked round her.

What a great many people cousin Kate, seemed to know, and what a buzz there was!

"Miss Gray, you look quite lost, as if you were wandering in Wonderland."

"I am, I think," she answered; "this is all new to me.

"I have never seen so many people together before, except in church; and then they sit still, and don't talk."

Lord Ayrtoun laughed the kindly laugh which sounded so pleasant and almost familiar in her ears.

"May I sit in this chair by you if I keep still?

"And would you rather I didn't talk?"

"No," she said; "I think I should like you to talk. Have you brought any of your sketches?"

"Not to-day," he answered; "but I shall be delighted to come some other day when you are quiet, if I may, and show them to you then.

"By-the-way are you going to see Vavasour to-night.

"It is the first night of "The Lady of Lyons" at the Frivolity; you ought to see it."

"The Frivolity is a theatre," said Cynthia, who, by dint of reading the morning papers, had learned a few facts, "and 'The Lady of Lyons' is a play.

"No; I'll tell you nothing," replied Lord Ayrtoun; "you must see what it is like for yourself.

"I have a box for to-night; if you are not engaged, I think I can persuade Mrs. Vane to accept it."

"We are not engaged," rejoined Cynthia.

"Then it is all right. I want you to see something good the first time, and this will be good.

"Whether one likes Vavasour or not, no one can deny that he is a good actor, and that he can deliver blank verse."

"He is an actor!" said Cynthia slowly. "We shall see him to-night?"

She held her hands tightly clasped together, for she felt that she was trembling, and she tried instinctively to hide it. But the young man saw it, and was immensely puzzled.

Before he left he had a few minutes' talk with Mrs. Vane, and handed her an envelope out of his pocket-book.

In truth he had originally bought this box with the intention of presenting it to Mrs. Vane, on condition that he might sit behind Cynthia's chair.

This bargain he now struck in the most open and unabashed manner, only he made one modest entreaty.

"Don't tell her!" he implored.

"Is thy servant an ass?" asked Mrs. Vane, with her madcap laugh.

The rooms were emptying now, and she was growing tired of her society manners.

At last the hand-shaking was at an end, and everybody was gone.

She two ladies were down in a state of considerable exhaustion to the dinner which was awaiting them.

"It was very good of Lord Ayrtoun to give us that box," Mrs. Vane observed, as she discussed a wing of a chicken. "Every seat in the house has been taken for weeks past, and we couldn't have got in to-night for love or money.

"Now you'll see the man that hates me more than any man in London.

"It puzzles me why a man that's accustomed to the world should be offended so easily."

Cynthia made no rejoinder; indeed Mrs. Vane hardly gave her a chance of doing so, as she continued her criticisms on her late guests.

Among other innovations in her style of living, Mrs. Vane had started a small and very neat brougham.

She was engaged in arranging the purchase of a victoria; but the brougham was an accomplished fact, and was to-night on

duty to take her and her cousin to the Frivolity.

As soon as they entered the theatre Cynthia seemed to fall into a rapt condition of observation and wonder.

She hardly noticed that Lord Arytoun came in before the curtain rose and took his seat behind her, in the shadow at the back of the box.

He was well repaid for the trouble he had taken to secure this position.

The emotions which made themselves visible on Cynthia's face surprised him, prepared though he was to see her much excited by her first sight of a dramatic performance.

He had not anticipated such rapt wonder, such intense concentration of interest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Madcap Madge.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

CORA CASTLETON laid down the pearl-backed brush with an impatient, discouraged sigh, that involuntarily repeated itself as she looked down in Madge's saucy, piquant face, that was upturned defiantly from the crimson cushion of the lounge.

A low, joyous laugh came trilling from Madge's lips, as Cora paused in such stately dignity.

"Well, you have read me a lecture a full quarter-hour long.

"But, true as I live, my dear, dignified sister, I can't tell yet what it is I have done so dreadful."

Miss Castleton looked despairingly at the pretty, pink-flushed face, and when she spoke, the accents of her voice were in perfect accord with her expression of countenance.

"Child, child! when will you learn the lesson I have been trying to teach you for a year or more?

"Madge, child, will you ever cease being a careless, boisterous girl, with not the slightest regard for the conventionalities of society?"

"Oh, that is the crime I have committed, is it?

"The sermon you have been preaching, you dear old nuisance you, has for its unannounced text the harum-scarum ramble I took this morning.

"Oh, Cora"—and the girl's black eyes flashed joyously—"if you only knew how perfectly splendid it is over at the Falls.

"When I took off my shoes and stock——"

An exclamation of horror from Cora suddenly finished the frank admission.

"Your shoes and stocking off—actually off?

"Madge, you shock me beyond power of expression."

The perfect innocence on Madge's face was refreshing to see.

"Well, I was determined to cross over to get the ferns, and there was no alternative but to wade.

"I don't care now," she added, defiantly, with a deepening flush on her face—"I wanted to wade, and I did.

"I don't care what anybody thinks.

"I'm old enough to do as I please."

Another discouraged sigh from Miss Castleton.

"Yes, you are old enough to do differently.

"Do you know you are nearly seventeen, Madge?

"Do you ever think you look like a young lady, which fact makes your romping girlishness the more out of place?"

"Of course I remember; but see here, Cora, am I so awful?

"Do I really do such wicked things? Don't I ever do anything right?"

The gentle pleading in the voice—the wistfulness that suddenly banished the defiance from her eyes, touched Cora, and she laid her cool, white hands on the girl's warm cheeks.

"Darling, you are the dearest sister that ever lived, with the one single exception—you will be so unconventional, so childishly regardless of appearances.

"It is for your own good I speak, my dear.

"It is time you began to settle down and think of lovers, and marriage."

Madge's momentary penitence fled.

Madge's momentary penitence fled. A mischievous imp peeped from her eyes as Cora spoke.

"Why don't you recommend Mr. Particular Dignity as a candidate for my favor, Cora?

"I'm sure he's the very handsomest young fellow that ever came to Laurel Lawn with brother Phil."

"Madge!" and Cora spoke more decidedly than was her habit, even when reproving Madcap Madge.

"Madge Castleton, you shall not ridicule Mr. Arlington.

"Remember he is Phil's friend and our guest, and one of the most learned, polished men of our day."

Madge wreathed her pretty arms over her head, and laughed defiantly.

"I tell you he is Particular Dig.

"Didn't I hear him tell Phil only yesterday, when they were lying on the grass under the apple tree, that if there was one thing above another he admired in others, it was a graceful dignity and suitable appreciation of the eternal fitness of things?

"Oh, my Cora.

"If you'd only seen how I had to hold my breath to keep from laughing. I was up in a bough, you see——"

Cora interrupted her by suddenly rising rom her chair.

"Madge, you are hopelessly incorrigible.

"But may I, as a particular, very great favor, beg of you to come down to dinner to-night as I shall come, as Mr. Arlington is accustomed to see his friends, in suitable dress, and with dignity and grace of manner.

"This once, Madge, if never again, let Mr. Arlington see you can drop your boyishness as readily as you can refrain from parting your hair on one side."

"Well," retorted Madge, half reluctantly; "to please you, Cora.

"Not for Mr. Partieu—Mr. Arlington, though, understand."

* * * * * * * *

A fine-looking fellow he was, certainly—Mr. Arlington, whom Miss Cora Castleton was so anxious to secure for a brother-in-law.

A manly-looking fellow, with the appearance of assurance, bravery, dignity, and quiet, reserved strengthfulness that is unutterably delightful to woman's critical observation.

Just now he was enjoying a smoke all by himself, in his own room, second floor, front, over the library, where Miss Castleton had domiciled him so very homelike and cosily that he was in no hurry to break camp.

He was having a first-rate time down in the country.

Miss Cora was a model hostess and housekeeper—the very memory of her dinners, and anticipations of breakfasts and lunches made his mouth water, figuratively, of course.

Then there was Phil—the very best sort of chum, who both knew how to entertain him and let him alone.

And also Madge, whom he or no one else ever dreamed of calling "Miss."

Pretty, boyish, graceful, independent Madge, with saucy eyes, that he knew would melt some day, and saucy lips, that would murmur allegiance when the master came.

He admired her—as far as she would allow him, which wasn't very far.

Then she would dash off on her wicked black pony, at break-neck speed, and he would say aloud, very carelessly—

"What an odd girl your sister is, Miss Castleton," and inwardly invoke all good spirits of earth and air to bring her home with her head still on her shoulders.

It had amused him not a little when Phil had laughingly told him the sobriquet Madge had tacked to him.

And yet, away down in his heart was a little pang of pain that she had no higher estimation of him.

And then came an equally severe pang of sarcastic bitterness, to think he—he, the grave, the reticent, the "Particular Dignity," should be such a fool as to care what Madcap Madge called him.

But her saucy eyes, her roguish mouth, her matchless grace, nor glorious disregard of conventional things, and the whole covered with such a delicious veil of innate delicacy and modesty, had conquered, all unconsciously, this Richard Arlington.

And it was this very fact, and the stubbornness of the case, that he was looking at, as he sat smoking by the window, ten minutes after Madge and her pony had dashed off for their morning scour of the country.

He was recalling how perfectly beautiful she had looked in, her riding habit—dark blue cloth and smoked pearl buttons.

He remembered every curve of her faultless figure, so girlish, so graceful.

He remembered the glimpse of a dainty-buttoned boot, and the firm, yet apparently careless grasp of her gauntleted hand on the white reins.

Then a summons from below stairs dispelled the half-delightful, half-painful reverie.

It was Phil's voice—loud, cheery.

"Dick—come, you're not extra busy and lazy, as I am."

He tossed his cigar into the receiver, and went down the broad, delightfully cool stairs till he reached the library, where he found Phil "busy" in performing the same duty he had just finished, laughingly scolded him for his letter and went slowly up again.

It was a business letter that he was reading, that he finished just as he arrived opposite the door, and opened and entered.

There was a cheque in the letter and an unsigned receipt to be returned by post, and without raising his eyes, he made straight for his desk between the front windows to find—not a desk, but a marble-top bureau, that bore unmistakable signs of Madge's late presence, in the dainty, perfumed handkerchief, the scarlet ribbon she had worn at breakfast, and a broad-brimmed straw hat he had seen her wear many a time.

For a second his breath fairly stopped, and a flush came over his handsome face, to think of the mistake he had committed—blundering into Madge's room instead of his own.

Then, conscious of the blamelessness of his mistake, it occurred to him how neat, how thoroughly womanly everything was, from the snow-white counterpane and ruffled and bindled slips, to the dainty little kid slippers standing so coquettishly where Madge had left them.

It seemed odd—Madge to condescend to wear slippers, and it gave him a thrill of actual delight to discover this trait of feminity in her; and grave, proud, loving Dick actually stooped down and caressed them with a strange fluttering of his heart.

Somehow, the very quiet, the very peacefulness of the scene charmed him.

He dreaded to go away, and yet—what business had he there?

He looked around, taking in every detail with loving eyes, and then, in the same spirit of adoration, picked up the jaunty straw hat, that was looped up on one side with long feather grasses and ferns.

He handled it very gingerly, turning it over and over; then smiled.

"It is for all the world like a sombrero I wore once—minus the grasses.

"That was ten years ago, when I visited Spain.

"I looked first-rate in that hat then; I wonder if I've grown older and ug'ier? I've two minds just to try this on, and put myself to the test."

He glanced towards the door that led to the hall, and heard no one coming.

He glanced towards the back entrance that led into the back stairs that entered the library, and it was deserted in that quarter.

Then he put Madge's hat on his curly hair in a very becoming, rakish manner that quite reconciled him to the ten added years of his life.

There was nothing vain or womanish about him, but yet he quite enjoyed the effect he had produced, and stood looking, half amused, half ashamed, thinking such odd, strange thoughts that he was fairly petrified when he heard a voice on the stairs, and a clear, sweet girlish voice that came nearer and nearer.

"In a minute, Cora.

"I'll be there in a minute.

"I'm only going to my room a minute."

The cold sweat started to Arlington's face in a perfect shower of drops.

Madge on the stairs, and he, the incarnation of all that was dignified, in her room, with her hat on, and no way of escape.

The pattering boot-heels came nearer and Dick's heart beat fearfully.

He snatched at the hat, but the elastic was fast in his curly hair, and refused to leave, even at the price of a lock with it.

His face was pale with confusion and desperation.

Then, not a second before Madge entered the door, he made a frantic dash for the back stair door, whose situation just occurred to him, and found himself in a dark wardrobe instead of the passageway.

But it was a respite, a merciful one, notwithstanding the fact that he couldn't stand straight up without endangering Madge's obstinate hat, and so he stood there, as best he could, with his hand on the door-knob, and fairly suffocating to keep from breathing aloud.

It was to be only for a minute, though; he heard Madge say so, and then he would quit his room and the world in general, and Madge in particular would never be the wiser for this unlucky freak.

But alas, for the inevitable.

The brisk, gay tones of Madge's song, that she was humming as she came in, changed to an exclamation of surprise, directed to herself.

"Well, I declare.

"I am sure I left my hat on the dressing case, and now, when I am in such a horrible hurry.

"I have to hunt for it.

"If that meddlesome old darling of a Cora has been putting it in the wardrobe for me, I'll——"

The wardrobe.

The hat.

Arlington never wanted to die so badly in all his life, as when he heard those words, and he in the wardrobe, with the unfortunate hat on his head, all askew.

In an agony of despair, he seized the handle still tighter, swearing no human power should move it a hair's breath.

Madge would suppose the door locked, or the spring of the knob broken, and perhaps go down for help, or leave the search for another time.

Her light, quick step crossed the room, and then her hand touched the knob, that was as firm as a rock.

She gave it a twist, but of no avail.

"That's singular," Arlington heard her say.

"I wonder what can have possessed that door-knob?

"Something is wrong.

"I must have my hat.

"I'll ask Phil, or Mr. Partie. Dig. to see—he's always so obliging and——"

She was stopped most abruptly by the sound of and unmistakable sneeze coming from the inside of the closet.

Poor Arlington! he hadn't sneezed before all the summer, and now—to sneeze after the most frightful efforts to prevent it.

Madge sprang back, and then—the door opened, and Arlington walked out, handsomer than ever before in his life, because the delicious ridiculousness of the entire affair had actually delighted him.

He bowed lowly, hat and all.

"Madge, you see how it is, do take off this hat, won't you?—and tell me you are not awfully enraged at my stupidness."

But, to his surprise, the hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and tears trembled in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Arlington!"

That was all, but it wasn't shame, or contempt, or disgust, but a sympathy, or pity, that was all the sweeter from being so unexpected.

"You see, I thought I was in my own room, until I was fairly in.

"And then—then I—well, I had a hat something like that once, and——"

Madge's eyes began to twinkle.

"You had such an overwhelming 'appreciation of the eternal fitness of things,' that you tried it on, and then I surprised you, and you trapped yourself, and sneezed.

"It's no wonder you did sneeze, Mr. Arlington," she added, gravely, "because all my furs and my sealskin sacque are in that closet, and they're just packed in paper."

Arlington laughed, but still there was deep earnestness in his eyes.

"Will you help me off with this masquerade, Madge?

"There, I want to tell you one reason why I ventured to put it on, why I touched your slippers, and kissed that red ribbon yonder, because, Madge, everything of yours is so dear to me.

"You are the woman I love and hope to win for my wife.

"Madge, am I presumptuous?

The hat was on the floor now, and the girl's hands prisoned in his, so perfectly her lord and master, despite the haughty contretemps a moment earlier.

Then, a moment later, she lifted her eyes, from which all the sauciness was gone in which all the tenderness of love's young dream was shining.

"If I am worthy; because you have taught me there is such a thing as love, and that there is no such lover as yourself."

It was the transition from girlhood to womanhood—from childish mischief to tender gravity, for love had graced her life and cast behind her feet her carelessness.

* * * * * * * *

They laugh often about it—the strange freak of Cupid, who transformed the wild girl into the dignified woman for the lover with whom he played such undignified tricks.

But everybody is satisfied.

And what more can be added, except that Madge insists, defiantly, that she never in the world would have "had" Dick if he had not proved most conclusively that he could enjoy a good joke, with all his "particular dignity," and the "keen appreciation of the eternal fitness of things," especially the eternal "fitness" of the unfortunate hat.

Bric-a-Brac.

VERY LIKELY.—A true tale comes from Michigan of a Nimrod who saw a muskrat near the edge of the water twenty feet away. If he shot he animal it would fall into the water. But he shot, and at the same time jumped forward so very simultaneously that he got there before the shot, which he received in his back.

PLUCKING OSTRICHES.—Ostriches when plucked are blinded with a stocking drawn over the head and are then quiet. A man was plucking one at the ostrich farm near Los Angeles, when he disturbed the stocking. He saw at once what he had done and leaped head first out of the pen, just in time to avoid a kick which knocked a board of the fence into toothpicks.

LIFETIME OF VARIOUS ANIMALS.—Camels live from forty to fifty years; horses average from twenty-five to thirty; oxen, about twenty; sheep, eight or nine; and dogs, twelve to fourteen. Concerning the ages attained by non-domesticated animals only a few isolated facts are known. The East Indians believe that the life-period of the elephant is about three hundred years, instances being recorded of these animals having lived one hundred and ninety years.

IMITATION.—In Australia there is an insect that so much resembles the leaves of the trees it inhabits that it requires close observation to discover the difference. A sudden blast of wind shakes them off and they tumble to the ground like leaves after a frost, then slowly climb to the tree again. When the country was first discovered by the English, a party of sailors who were sitting under a tree when a lot of them fell were so frightened when they saw the leaves climbing the tree that they fled to the ship and refused to land again.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—An English gentleman and his wife, who have been traveling in Sicily, fell into conversation one day with the driver of the vehicle in which they were riding. "I was not always as you see me," said the coachman sadly; "I once occupied a much higher position." The travelers pricked up their ears for a romantic story of nobility in distress. "Yes," added the driver, "I was once a brigand, and all the men of my family occupied the same honorable position, but I became engaged to a girl whom I loved to distraction, and my fiancee, disliking the profession on account of risks, persuaded me to throw it up, so now I am only a carriage driver."

AN EARL'S PETS.—The Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century. He was a delicate-looking little man, unable to walk without the support of two lackeys. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid as dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at his table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, who seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with its white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained that should any, by an instinct of appetite, transgress any rule of good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an ante-chamber, where he picked his bone in mortification, his place remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
  In the glare of the city lamp,
And list to the tread of a million feet
  In the quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro,
  'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
  In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud
  And the priest in gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
  With Lazarus, cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart,
  As pure as the spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
  In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
  In the midst of the city's ills,
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
  That grows on her native hills:
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
  And his lean, wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by,
  As he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tattoo,
  And in dusky armor flight
In treading with echoless footsteps through
  The gloom of the silent night,
How many of those shall be daintily fed,
  And shall stay to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
  And never a crumb to eat!

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV —[CONTINUED.]

WITH a completeness that left nothing to be wished he had turned the tables on the woman who had jilted him long ago—he had trampled her pride in the dust, and made her the laughing-stock of the fashionable world—and yet in some way the victory did not seem to rest with him.

"We may cry quits now," he thought, with an uneasy smile.

"Before I leave town to-day, Olivia and I will agree to forgive and forget, will shake hands, and be once more cousins and friends."

The idea filled his mind so completely during the brief homeward drive that he hardly noticed Nora's silence and abstraction, hardly remembered that he was bearing home his bride, and that she, and she alone, should have claimed his attention at that moment, though he would have been bitterly indignant had he known how gladly she relinquished that claim.

Arrived at the house, however, a fresh disappointment awaited him.

Mrs. Bruce informed the bridal pair, with many expressions of regret, that Lady Olivia Blake would not be present at the breakfast.

Her husband's sister in Ireland had been seized with a dangerous illness, and she was anxious to go to her as soon as might be.

"Lady Olivia had the message quite early this morning.

"But she could not deny herself the pleasure of being present at the wedding," Cristine said, with a sweetly unsuspicious smile.

"She said you would know how sincere were her wishes for your happiness, and in the circumstances would excuse her."

Lord de Gretton smiled a slowly sort of smile, and shivered a little though the day was warm and bright.

But he only said, in his clearest, softest tones—

"Poor dear Olivia, her life is full of troubles!"—and there the subject dropped.

To two persons at least it seemed as though the long weary ceremony of the breakfast would never end, as though the champagne would never cease to foam and sparkle within the shallow glasses, the speeches never terminate, the constant cruel laughter never cease.

To Nora, Lady de Gretton, who sat by her husband's side like some lovely statue with face of snow and eyes of flame, and to Cristine Singleton, who watched her stepsister with a strange fire in her light blue eyes, the moments seemed leaden-winged, and both longed with a passionate intensity of longing for the moment that should set them free.

It came at last.

Attended only by her chief bridesmaid, Lady de Gretton retired to prepare for her journey.

As she passed towards the door, the veil that had shrouded her features all through the breakfast was slightly pushed aside, and the pale lovely face, with its look of dazed pain, was clearly visible.

Save her father, there was not in the room one person who held the bride in any affection or regard.

She was the central figure of a pageant and no more to them.

But, for the moment at least, a distinct thrill of pity passed through the careless, flirting, jesting crowd who had met together to eat, drink, and be merry, and envy Nora Bruce her luck.

"Poor child!" said more than one woman softly.

And one of the bridesmaids, a bold-eyed handsome girl who would have taken Lord de Gretton's hand and corset with a fervent "Thank you," had they been proffered for her acceptance, turned to her neighbor with a short musical laugh.

"Of whom did Lady de Gretton remind you in that moment, Sir George?"

Sir George bent his blond head to the whisper, and stroked his blond moustache thoughtfully over his low-toned reply.

"Don't know, I am sure, Miss Joyce.

"She is awfully pretty, but somehow she looks—she looks——"

"I will tell you how she looks exactly," Miss Joyce said decisively—"just as Lucy Ashton looked when she signed the contract.

"Ah, I see, you do not study Scott!

"Well, just as Lucia looked before ——"

"Before she stabbed her husband!" Sir George interrupted, with a decidedly startled look in Lord de Gretton's direction.

"By George, you know, Miss Joyce, that is an awful thing to say in the circumstances!"

Ela Joyce laughed again and made some jesting answer.

But both she and her companion were destined to recall the words so lightly spoken with something like horror and remorse.

Meanwhile Lady de Gretton still lingered though the moment for departure approached, and Mrs. Bruce began to grow a little easy.

Not even the new maid had been admitted to the room.

With her own hand Cristine disrobed and robed the pale girl, who submitted like an automaton to all she did, with her own hand removed the orange-blossom wreath and shrouding veil, and substituted for the trailing ivory satin which Nora Bruce had knelt at the altar the dainty costume of chestnut velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers in which Lady de Gretton must start on her honeymoon trip.

Not till the last feather was in its place, till the long gloves were buttoned, and the lace jabot was daintily fastened in its place did Cristine speak of anything but the business that apparently engrossed her.

Then she drew back a pace or two, as though to survey her work, her eyes blazing with triumph and excitement, her cheeks feverishly pink.

"Look at yourself, Lady de Gretton," she cried, with a strange jar in her clear voice, "and then remember that you have never thanked me for all my service!"

Nora raised her heavy eyes, and gazed with dreary horror at the pale girl reflected in the glass, the girl who was Nora Bruce no more.

Then she turned to Cristine, and said hurriedly, with a sort of mechanical remorse—

"I was very ungrateful; but my head is so confused.

"You have been most kind lately. Thank you, Cristine!"

She held out her hand as she spoke.

Miss Singleton did not take it.

She hesitated for a minute or two, and her color came and went, as though bearing witness to some inner struggle, then said, with harsh abruptness—

"No; do not thank me yet, before you know the measure of your obligations.

"Did you wonder, Nora, that I alone, of all your friends, gave you no wedding-present?"

"I did not think of it," the girl said wearily.

"I have presents and to spare.

"Your kindness has been more to me than any gift."

Cristine, who had been busy at the table during this speech, turned now, with a small paper parcel in her hand, and said, with a laugh—

"Ah, but I have my present here, and do not doubt that you will prize it!

"Take it, Nora, with my congratulations; but first promise me one thing.

"You will not open the parcel until you have left London—until you have reached the first stage of your journey at least—and are alone?"

At any other moment Nora must have wondered at the strange earnest eagerness of her step-sister's manner, at the singular condition she imposed.

She did not wonder now.

All sensation, save that of dull physical pain and a morbid impatience to be off and away, seemed frozen within her.

She tried to shake off the lethargy that hung alike over her words and thoughts and thank Cristine with something like energy.

The effort was a vain one, the phrase dropped in a lifeless, listless fashion from her lips, and the lips themselves, when they touched the girl's face, were cold as the lips of the dead.

"Yes—I promise," she said mechanically in answer to Cristine's impatiently-repeated question.

"Of course it shall be as you wish.

"Good-bye, Cristine!"

But Cristine had already thrown the door widely open, and hurried down to announce the arrival of the bride.

All was soon over after that.

Nora was barely conscious that her father's arms were folded round her, and that his fervent blessing was murmured in her ear, barely conscious that Mrs. Bruce's copious tears bedewed the chestnut velvet.

Like one in a dream, she took Lord de Gretton's arm, and, with a fixed mechanical smile on her white lips, passed through the long line of whispering servants, of smiling and congratulating guests, through the shrilly-cheering crowd outside, into the waiting carriage, and so, pursued by a heavy shower of rice and satin shoes, off on her wedding-journey.

"Well, so far at least they are all right!" Sir George Crouesto said, with a long-drawn breath of relief.

"I declare, Miss Joyce, your words made quite a dreadful impression on my mind!"

Ela Joyce laughed, well pleased; to make an impression of any kind on this very eligible and very indifferent party was to score a social success.

"If I were you, I would not lose the impression just yet," she said, with a wise little nod.

"On Bucklaw's—I mean, on Lord de Gretton's face there was something very like the shadow of doom."

CHAPTER V.

WITH the last rays of the dying daylight falling on her bare dusky head and giving a factitious glow to the pale set face, Nora, Lady de Gretton, stood on the sea-shore alone.

She still wore the dress in which she had traveled down to the remote western village in which it had pleased Lord de Gretton to pass his honeymoon.

Indeed it was hardly an hour since they had arrived.

But in that short space of time the bridegroom had been called upon to answer telegrams and letters, and so it happened that the bride of a day, for a few minutes at least, was free.

The pretty marine villa, borrowed for the occasion from an obliging friend, was an ideal honeymoon residence perched halfway up a gently-sloping hill, green and well wooded to the water's edge as only a Devonshire hill can be—a low white house overrun with honeysuckle and the sweet-scented creamy Devon rose, with a verandah running its whole length, and tall French windows opening out from every room, and commanding as fair a prospect as the loveliest of English counties can produce.

The day had been cloudlessly fair, the evening was soft and bright.

Almost unconsciously Nora was tempted by the peaceful beauty of the scene on which her sad eyes rested with so little purpose in their gaze.

Blindly, as though urged on by some controlling power, she rose, and wandered out into the grounds.

The cool air, with the sweet salt freshness of the sea in its breath, fell gratefully on her hot temple.

The soft monotonous murmur of the waves lapping over the red beach tempted her on from terrace to terrace, until she stood at the foot of the steep hill, her uncovered head bathed in the roseate splendor of the sunset, her feet sinking at every step within the glistening coral-tinted sand and touching the white foam-line of the ebbing tide.

The place was quite deserted.

Far as her eye could reach, she saw only the long curved line of the green-fringed coast, the hills that rose from behind her, and the far-stretching splendor of the sun-kissed sea, with here and there the dark red sail of a fisherman's boat, or far away on the horizon-line a graceful yacht, with wide white wings that shone with silvery lustre against the deeper glow.

The peace and beauty of the scene fell like a soothing balm on the girl's troubled spirit.

For the first time that day Nora felt as though the strange crushing weight that oppressed her were lifted from her brain—as though the thick mists that hung around her were pierced by some keen strong air.

She drew a long breath, and tears that had healing in them rose within the dark pathetic eyes.

"Let me be good," the girl cried, "let me do my duty patiently and humbly, and life in this fair world may not be too hard, too barren, or too long."

There seemed a soothing answer in the murmuring music of the sea, in the soft breeze that kissed the earnest young face, in the sunset glow that crowned the upraised head with an aureole of glory.

Suddenly, as she sat on a jutting point of the red cliff, Nora de Gretton remembered Cristine's present and the promise she had exacted in bestowing it.

"Open the parcel only when you are away from London, and alone," she said to herself, with a faint quickly-fading smile.

"She is very mysterious, I think; but Cristine was always fanciful."

With a faint touch of curiosity, she took the little parcel from her pocket, undid the silver-paper wrappings, and examined the enclosure.

It was not very startling at first sight—a small morocco letter-sachet clasped with silver and bearing Lady de Gretton's title in silver letters on the side—yet Nora paled with an instinctive terror as she touched the spring clasp.

One, two letters, and a sheet or so of closely-written paper fell out on to her lap.

The loose sheets were in Cristine's clear bold calligraphy, the letters——

A chill deathly faintness seemed to paralyze Nora's every thought, a blinding mist blotted the familiar characters from her eyes.

Had her senses suddenly deserted her?

Was she wildly dreaming?

Or were those letters indeed directed to her in Arthur Beaupre's hand?

By a violent effort she controlled herself, and attained something like calmness before she raised the envelope again.

Yes, beyond all possibility of dispute, the writing was that of her dead lover, and the letters were of recent date.

One bore a South African stamp, the other the post-mark of an English town.

What did it mean?

Nora de Gretton sat staring fixedly at the paper, stupidly revolving the matter in a brain that had lost all power of concentrated thought.

With Arthur's letters unopened in her lap, with Cristine's explanation under her hand, with an intensity of aching pain in her sore heart, she sat vaguely watching the sea-gulls skim and dip and cross each other in mid-air and the fading sunbeams turn a distant sail to molten gold.

The trace of anticipatory anguish lasted for a few moments only.

Suddenly—how and why she knew not—the truth came home with stinging, maddening force to Nora's mind, and all the agony of realized despair broke from her lips in one wild ringing cry that echoed like a death-shriek from hill to hill and out over the placid splendor of the sea.

Arthur Beaupre lived—lived, and still loved and trusted in her, and she—was Lord de Gretton's wife!

She caught up the loose scattered sheets that lay beside her, and read them with feverish haste, her eyes seeming to burn into the paper as they devoured the cold and cruel words in which Cristine Singleton had set down her revenge.

"I told you you would prize my present, Nora—have I spoken more than the truth?

"It is the last, but not the least, of all those that will grace your wedding-day.

"You are the most fortunate girl in the world, my dear step-sister.

"All London is agreed on that point today.

"Without high birth or wealth, or—pardon me—any special grace, or beauty, or accomplishment, you have carried off the best match of the season.

"You have money and rank and power—power to serve your friends and crush your foes in any way that pleases you.

"Surely your cup of happiness is full—surely another drop would cause it to overflow!

"We will however try the experiment, my dear.

"Take that superfluous and dangerous drop in the assurance that Arthur Beaupre lives, that he is coming as fast as steam and wind can bear him to take up the broken thread of his love-tale, to renew his plighted truth to Lord de Gretton's wife.

"Nora, am I paying my debts in full measure?

"I trust so—I hope that every word you read wrings your heart with a fierce, cruel pang.

"I will jest with you no longer, but pour out my long-cherished hate, and gloat over this my vengeance.

"I have been good to you of late—have I not?

"You thought I had quite forgotten the wrong you did me when, long ago, you stole Arthur Beaupre from me, and made my lover yours.

"I will do you full justice, though in your thoughts you did me something less; you thought that I nursed a small female jealousy—that it was the loss of a lover I resented.

"You never thought that with all the heart I had to give I loved that one man, as I love him now, as I shall love him till I die, as you loved him once, but as Lady de Gretton, without shame and sin, may love no man but her husband now.

"How I hated you when your engagement was announced and your insolent happiness was flaunted before my eyes!

"How I hated you when the news of Arthur's death came, and your insolent proprietorial sorrow was flaunted again with a mockery as insolently cruel!

"Were my tears less less burning and less bitter because they were shed in secret?

"Was my grief less scorching and intense because I made no public proclamation of my woe?

"If you think that now, Nora, you will not think it long—for the tables are turned now, and it is you who in secret must suffer and be strong.

"I can meet Arthur Beaupre boldly face to face, can touch his hand and look into his eyes, and tell him with my heart upon my lips how I rejoice in his return and thank Heaven for a hero given back to us from the dead.

"But Lady de Gretton may not do these things.

"Lady de Gretton, if she would keep her husband's honor intact, keep the white robes of her woman's purity free from all spot and stain, must fly the man who has her life in his keeping as she would fly her worst and cruellest foe—must look on the face that was once the dearest in the world to her, and, seeing it worn with wasting sickness and long pain, must turn away her eyes and steel her heart, lest pity should turn traitor to her pride—must listen to the voice that made the music of her life raised in reproach and fierce denunciation, and must utter no word in self-defence, for even to argue the matter with her former lover would be to sin against her lord. Now, Nora, read the letters I enclose; you see their seals are still unbroken.

"I know not how it happens that Arthur Beaupre, whom we fancied dead, is living still; I only know that, within a week of your engagement to Lord de Gretton, the first of the letters came, that favoring fortune threw it into my hands, and that I at once withheld it.

"You may remember that until then I had resented your fresh engagement as a fresh wrong and slight to me.

"I too would have sought in splendor a substitute for love—I too, since I might not be happy, would fain have been envied and great.

"But here too you outrivalled and outshone me, and carried off the prize.

"Naturally enough I held aloof from the congratulating crowd, and made myself as disagreeable as I could.

"But with the arrival of Arthur Beaupre's letter came a sudden change in my plans.

"I hurried on the marriage by every means in my power.

"I flung myself heart and soul into the preparations, I became the sweetest and most attentive of sisters.

"My mother herself did not bow down before the rising sun more abjectly than I. You hardly seemed to notice the change; but I did not resent the indifference with which my self-sacrificing devotion was received.

"When you realized the extent of the service rendered, I knew my thanks would come.

"My one fear was that something would defer the marriage, that the cup of vengeance might even yet be dashed down untasted from my longing lips, that Arthur, arriving at the last moment, might still have power to break the unriveted bonds and set you free.

"Vance became a terror to me in those days; he always preferred you to his own sister; and he now openly lamented over your fate, declared that we were selling you in barefaced fashion to the highest bidder, and should live to repent the deed.

"He made himself uncomfortably busy too, raking up disagreeable incidents in Lord de Gretton's life and trying to convince us that he was in no way a fitting husband for a good and innocent girl like you.

"Naturally we laughed at this pretence of fine feeling and scrupulous delicacy in my reckless ne'er-do-well brother.

"But unfortunately, try as we might, we could not laugh him out of it.

"He made himself so excessively disagreeable to your distinguished suitor that I am quite sure nothing but a haughty contempt for so insignificant a foe kept Lord de Gretton from resenting his insolence.

"However, much to my relief, he took himself off at last, and my long suspense was over.

"You could not spare much time to me, I suppose, just now, or you might wonder still what caused my last night's illness. I will tell you.

"The note I intercepted at your door contained a telegram from Arthur Beaupre, sent on from Nettleton to our London address, and the telegram said that he had arrived at Plymouth and would rest there a few hours, coming on by an early morning train to you.

"Imagine, if you can, my horror at receiving such news at such a moment.

"For a time I lost my head completely, and all but threw down my cards; but it was for a short time only; to be beaten now would be too hard.

"It must not, should not be.

"With the difficulties my courage and energy renewed themselves, and suddenly there came to me a brilliant inspiration.

"Arthur's coming should mean to me, not defeat, but the very crowning point of my triumph over you.

"Acting on this hastily-conceived and brilliantly audacious plan, I telegraphed back, in my own name this time, saying that you were staying at Claynook, in South Devon—that, instead of wasting time and strength in a fruitless journey to town, he had better join you there."

The paper dropped from Nora's hand; her white lips parted, but they gave forth no sound.

The diabolical ingenuity of the cruelty her step-sister had shown stunned and stupefied her.

Without warning or preparation of any kind, Arthur was to meet her here as Lord de Gretton's wife, to overwhelm her with reproaches, to believe her false and heartless and mercenary perhaps—and—this thought was crueller to her than any other—in broken health and strength to suffer cruelly from the shock.

"Oh, what have we done that we should be so tortured?" she cried.

"We loved so truly and faithfully; why were we thus betrayed?"

But the wild question was unanswered, even in her own heart.

Her eyes grew dim with anguish, not with tears; she could not see the placid splendor of the waters, the sun dipping below the horizon and throwing a last roseate glory round him as he sank to rest—could not see the slender upright figure coming with rapid steps across the red sand, with an eager reflection of that sunset glow in the dark blue eyes—saw nothing, heard nothing, until a shadow fell across her, a hand touched her shoulder, and a voice she had thought hushed for ever—a man's voice, full of exquisite tenderness and joy—fell on her ears in the low spoken words:

"Nora, my own darling, at last, at last!"

Then she looked up, and into Arthur Beaupre's face; and then—— Somehow or other the horrible present, the barrier between them, the revelations to come—all became for the moment as nothing, and drifted utterly out of her thoughts.

The interview dreaded and shrunk from in anticipation as an intolerable torture changed to a sudden bliss.

It was enough to look once more on the dear familiar face, to touch the hand she had thought cold in death, to know that the same earth held them still.

With a cry of utter rapture she sprang to her feet, both hands extended in eager welcome and the passionate silence of her lips most eloquently interpreted by the gladness of the dark dilating eyes.

"My true love!" Arthur Beaupre cried, as he drew her fondly to him and kissed again and again the tremulous lips.

"Nora, are you so very glad?

"I will abuse my fate then never again. A welcome such as this is worth a journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

For one breathless, motionless moment Nora looked into her lover's eyes, read the unchanging love in their blue depths, and forgot how soon that happy light must fade away or change to cruel scorn.

If she could only die so, the girl thought, death would be welcome indeed.

But death was not so merciful.

He was busy striking down with remorseless arrow the young and happy, those to whom life was full of promise and rarely sweet; the harrassed and sorely troubled and heart-broken might call on him in vain, as Nora in her throbbing pain called now.

With a long shuddering sigh she drew herself from Arthur's close clasp, and turned her white face and wild anguished eyes out towards the slowly-darkening sky and sea.

The quiet resolute movement surprised and hurt him.

Was this a time for prudery or reserve on the part of his promised wife—this moment in which he had come back to her, not only across a weary waste of land and sea, but almost as it were from the confines of another world?

"Nora!" he said almost angrily; and then, as he drew a pace or two nearer, and caught a side-glimpse of the beautiful face with its look of wordless woe, the anger died out of his heart, and fear, mingled with an infinite and a tender compassion, took its place.

She looked like one whose reason trembled in the balance.

What if the shock had been too much for her?

What if she had not known?

"Nora dearest!"

He touched her slender shoulder gently, and the touch sent a thrill of agony through the girl's overwrought and tortured nerves. She drew farther back still, covering her face with both small shaking hands, as though to shut out some sight of utter horror.

"Nora, what is it?" he went on; and the handsome worn face, the eager eyes, and pleasant manly voice were all filled with perplexity and pain.

"Surely you know? Surely you have heard from Cristine?"

"Yes, I have heard from Cristine," she answered, in a strained broken tone, never turning her head or looking at her lover as she spoke.

"And you expected me?"

"I expected you," she echoed monotonously.

"Then, in Heaven's name, what does this mean?" he cried with angry energy again.

"Nora, am I dreaming or mad, or are you?

"That my letters were unanswered was nothing—I crossed them on their outward voyage; but that such a welcome should await me here——"

He paused abruptly, his worn features contracting with a spasm of intolerable pain, then went on more firmly.

"Nora, look me in the face and tell me all the truth.

"I can bear that, dear, whatever it may be; this cruel suspense I cannot.

"You thought the bond between us wholly broken, thought me dead, and, true and tender as your heart is, you might in time forget.

"Have you forgotten, Nora?

"Have you ceased to love me?

"If you have, say so without fear, and without one reproach I will set you free."

"Oh, no, no, no!" the girl cried, in shrill and passionate denial.

Had shame and death been the instant penalty of speech, she could have kept silence no longer.

"Arthur, I think my heart is broken; but it has never changed to you.

"I loved you—love you—shall love you always till I die; but you must go.

"I must never see you again."

His face, which had brightened with her opening words, grew dark and troubled once again.

"You received my letters?" he asked abruptly, speaking sternly—though in truth he was filled with pity—that he might the better check his companion's hysterical passion.

She laughed—actually laughed—a shrill mirthless peal that made Arthur Beaupre shiver.

"Yes, I received them, a little late—see!"

She held up the letters, and, as Arthur took them, he noticed, with a sudden terror, the wild unnatural glitter of the lovely eyes.

"See!" she repeated impatiently, as he held them in a mechanical clasp and gazed with wistful tenderness at her.

"Look at the letters, Arthur; do you see nothing strange?"

He turned them over with a deepening perplexity in his kind eyes.

"The seals are unbroken still.

"What does this mean?" he asked gravely, still exercising a giant self-control, though his heart throbbed wildly, and something seemed to pulsate unnaturally and confusingly within his brain.

"It means that you must tell me all that those letters hold; they never reached me till to-day," Nora said, with a repetition of the terrible jarring laugh.

"They tell you only what you know already," the man said, with a kind of weary pain—"that I am not dead, but living; that I was wounded in the head, and remained for eighteen months a senseless log, devoid of memory or of sensation, in a Zulu kraal, saved by a capricious accident from the fate that befell my fellow-prisoners.

"Like all savages, these held the insane as sacred; and for the greater portion of my captivity I was indeed mad.

"Then slowly, as the wound healed, the cloud lifted from my brain, and little by little sense and memory awoke—little by little I came to be the harmless privileged plaything of the Zulu camp, contented to amuse the round-eyed dusky children and bask with blunted senses in the sun, and became the heart-sick, miserable prisoner pining for friends and home.

"The war was over when my senses came back—so much I understood from the broken words of those around me—and my heart leaped within me with the thought that I free.

"But when, with many expressions of gratitude for the care and kindness shown me, I proposed to leave the camp, I was gently reminded that I was a prisoner still.

"The terms of peace had been signed, and they had included the surrender of all living prisoners by a certain date, the chief informed me, with serene gravity and polite regret.

"He had retained me by the wish of his women, who thought that a madman would bring luck to the kraal.

"Since I was mad no longer, and useless in any other capacity, he would willingly set me free.

"But to do so would be to admit a disobedience to the orders of the great chief above him, who invariably punished such default with death to the sinner and demolition to his kraal.

"In these circumstances I would, he was sure, forgive him for keeping me prisoner still.

"I could do nothing, Nora, but chafe madly at the bonds that held me, but pray and plead and threaten alternately, and try to bribe my captors with ever-increasing promise of reward.

"I thought of England, of those at home, of you, Nora; and my heart burned more and more hotly within me with the wild aching longing to be free.

"But neither threats nor promises availed me; both were received with equal indifference.

"At last I began to understand that here my fate was fixed, here in this scorching alien land, amid these squalid, savage surroundings.

"Far from all dear to me, and from all to whom I was dear, I must live and die.

"There came to me with that overpowering conviction, Nora, not even the sullen resignation of despair, but something of the wild impulse that leads the captive bird to flutter and beat out its little life against the cruel bars that prison it.

I neither ate, nor drank, nor slept: I watched with a fierce joy my wasting limbs and daily failing strength.

"I even taunted my captors with my power to escape them still.

"I might never see the English cliffs again, my bones might whiten in the red African sand.

"But I should look upon that abhorrent blue sky and tread that accursed earth, red with the blood of my fellow-soldiers, but a few days more.

"They were wild reckless words; I wonder that the fierce savages to whom I spoke did not punish them with instant death. I think I wished them to shorten my agony; but the wish was vain.

"They listened in silence; and I dragged my aching limbs away to my accustomed corner, to wait in sullen patience for the lagging freedom that must surely come soon.

"And it came at last, though not in the shape that I expected.

"The chief himself visited me soon after that, and told me, with evident reluctance, as though the confession were wrung from him by outside influence, that on certain conditions he would set me free.

"My strength and courage revived miraculously with that word.

"What conditions, consistent with honor, could he impose that I would not accept?

"And his were simple enough.

"He only asked that I would travel incognito to England, and, shielding him as much as possible from the imperial wrath, which was but a secondary consideration, save him at all costs from the ruinous vengeance of his immediate chief.

"Of course I promised.

"And to the best of my ability I have kept my word.

"Only to you did I write the story of my captivity and release, and you I bound to silence until I should reach England.

"I might have left that wish unspoken," he added bitterly, with a glance at the unbroken seals.

"I did not guess that you would not even read my letters."

Nora had listened with parted lips and eager shining eyes, with a rapt attention that drew him on in spite of himself, with an absorbed interest that deadened her cruel pain.

But the last words brought her back sharply to the keen anguish of the present.

She covered her eyes and uttered a low cry of pain.

"Nora," he said gently, yet with a passionate eagerness that thrilled and mastered her—

"Let there be no more mystery between us.

"You say you love me still."

"With my whole heart," she answered recklessly.

"Then why do you receive me thus?

"Why did you not read my letters?"

The crucial moment was come at last; the question she could neither fence with nor elude was put.

A great flood of color flashed across the ivory pallor of her face, her eyes glittered with an unnatural lustre, her hands were clenched till the nails pierced the soft palms, and her breath came in pitiable gasps.

"Why?" she echoed.

There was the wail of a lost spirit in the word.

"Because Cristine Singleton has been a she-Judas to you, Arthur, and to me.

"She kept your letters back when—when they might still have saved me, and sent them to me to-day."

Arthur Beaupre listened, with a look that changed rapidly from bewildered surprise to fiercest indignation.

His blue eyes flashed dangerously, and the delicately-cut lips beneath the fair soft moustache hardened and set as though chiselled in marble.

"She——"

"But we will not speak of her now," he said, interrupting himself.

"You say the letters came to you to-day.

"Was your patience worn out that you have no welcome for me now?"

She looked him straight in the eyes for a moment's space, mutely begging him to read in that feverish anguished glance the story she found it so cruelly hard to put into words.

But he held no clue to the mystery as yet, had no suspicion of the crushing blow to come.

She saw this, and turned away her head with a wailing pitiful cry.

"He does not guess, he will not help me!

"Oh, Arthur, do you not see that it was the very crowning stroke of Cristine's revenge to let me know you loved, to send you here to me to-day?"

"To-day!" he repeated blankly, yet with a dawning horror in his eyes.

Then he added, with sudden sternness looking at the costly velvet dress, so unlike Nora Bruce's ordinary every-day attire—

"Why was it specially cruel to-day?

"Nora"—as the girl's parched lips moved in a dreadful soundless effort to explain—"what brings you away from home, and here?"

Then she turned, and answered with a sudden desperate effort—

"Oh, Arthur, forgive me—it is my wedding-day!"

A dreadful silence, broken only by the soft wash of the waves and the faint whisper of the wind among the trees, followed the unexpected words.

The blow had fallen, and with crushing force, upon the man whose heart had beaten high with love and hope an hour before.

He did not speak, only drew back a pace or two, as though shrinking under some actual physical shock.

But the girl who watched him with miserable anxious eyes saw all the hope and all the youth die out of the bright handsome face that had always, until now, looked so carelessly happy.

A gray pallor crept under the deep bronze of the skin, and she saw that he drew his breath with a convulsive effort.

"Arthur!"

She crept a little nearer, alarmed at the long unnatural silence, laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up with wistful eyes into his face.

"Do not hate me, Arthur; I thought you ——"

"Dead!" he broke in, with a hard jarring laugh.

"Of course you did.

"The fault was mine.

"Those supposed to be dead should never venture back.

"They should remember how soon the ranks close up, how soon their place is filled.

"I should have slept on in my grave, Nora, and not come back to blight your bridal-day."

He turned with the last words, and moved away from her with rapid unsteady steps.

Her dry miserable eyes followed the tall figure, a thousand thoughts chased each other through her aching and bewildered brain.

This was the man to whom her heart was given, to whom her faith was pledged.

To him and not to that other she was bound through all pain to be loyal and true—this man who had come back to her from the grave full of love and hope, whom she was driving from her full of anger and despair.

She could not do it.

The part fate and her own weakness had assigned her was too hard and cruel; she she could not and would not play it.

She rose from the jutting rock on which she had seated herself, and flung out her arms to the retreating figure in a gesture of wild and passionate entreaty.

"Arthur, Arthur," she cried, "come back and forgive me!"

He turned, saw the wild pain of the white face and dark dilated eyes, and paused in pitiful irresolution.

Anger could not live in presence of that utter despair.

He did not doubt now that the girl still loved him, that a cold and cruel treachery had come between them.

But, for that very reason, for her own sake, it was better they should part now, at once and for ever, and without the utterance of one softening word.

She had come up with him by now, had laid her little hot hands upon his wrist, and looked up into his face with a mad terrifying glitter in her dark gray eyes.

"Oh," she cried, with a little hysterical gasp of relief—

"I thought you were going—without one word of forgiveness—or—pity!"

"Hush, Nora!" he said gravely, noticing with growing pain how restlessly the over-bright eyes shifted under his steady and controlling gaze.

"I forgive you from my heart, child, if that assurance is any comfort to you, and if I have indeed anything to forgive.

"Fate has been hard upon us both, dear; but we will bear our burdens bravely—will we not?"

But the slender scorching hands only tightened their clasp with a sort of desperate energy.

The burning restless eyes never softened in response to his appeal.

With a heavy sigh, and a feeling as though his heart was breaking, Arthur suddenly disengaged himself, and, laying his hand upon the small dark head as in benediction, said, a little unsteadily—

"Heaven bless and keep my Nora! Good-bye!"

But with a sudden frenzied recklessness she flung her arms around his neck and drew his head down till the blond locks mingled with her own dusky tresses, pressed her soft burning cheek to his, and cried with fevered, desperate energy—

"No, Arthur—not good-bye, my own love!

"Take me too!

"Arthur"—the tone changing to a wailing broken cry infinitely pitiful, as the man drew back with a sudden horror—

"I cannot lose you again.

"You are my husband, not that other man—Arthur, take me with you!"

Arthur Beaupre's face whitened to a ghastly pallor, his eyes were dark with pain.

It was horrible to hear Nora, his shy proud love, pleading thus wildly, clinging to him with such passionate pain.

For one mad quickly-passing moment he almost yielded to the overpowering temptation, born of his great love.

She was his by right of their early troth-plight, of their true and loyal love.

He would take her away from the life she so dreaded and shrunk from, he would guard her so faithfully, love her so well, that she should never remember how much she had surrendered for his sake.

So for a moment, with passion-prompted sophistry, he argued and resolved.

Then the true loyal spirit of the man awoke and smote the demon down.

With resolute touch he unclasped the clinging hands.

With an infinite gentleness he raised the pale face from its safe resting-place, whispering as he did so—

"Child, do not make my hard task harder.

"Between us two nothing must be said now but 'Good-bye.'"

He looked away hastily, not trusting himself to meet the shamed anguish of his lost love's eyes, and became suddenly aware that a tall gray-haired man of aristocratic mien, was standing but a few paces from them, at the foot of the precipitous cliff-path, regarding them with the glare of a demon in his deep-set cruel-looking eyes.

It needed not the low cry that broke from the girl's white lips, nor the shudder that ran through her slender frame, to tell Arthur Beaupre that this was Nora's husband.

His heart sank with a chill hopeless terror as he remembered the terribly false position in which the wife of a day was placed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

"MISS HERBERT" and "Mr. Allnutt," was, of course, the first introduction vouchsafed by the governess, and then she proceeded, in her usual formal measured tones, to explain the object of the clergyman's visit.

"This gentleman, my dear Miss Herbert has kindly undertaken a mission for your friends, Mr. and Miss Lloyd, and I must say, it shows both propriety and discretion on their part, to choose a clergyman, rather than any less proper person for the office."

The young girl was breathless.

For the moment she fancied that by some strange fatality Miss Lee had been informed of the project which Evan had so sedulously concealed.

The next words, however, undeceived her.

"It appears that Miss Lloyd and her brother will be at the station at Abergeldie in about an hour from this time, on their return home, and that they are very anxious you should meet them there, for the short time they will be able to stay.

"Mr. Allnutt is deputed by them to escort you there, and he engages that you shall be back by dinner time, so as not to interrupt your afternoon studies, nor entail the loss of your music lesson, which you have to take this afternoon."

"Studies—Music!"

Poor Winifred, to her excited and pre-occupied mind, the very names sounded like a meaningless dream.

The young clergyman saw, and could not but pity the extreme agitation of one so lovely and so young.

"Miss Herbert will pardon my requesting her to lose as little time as possible," he said, anxious to give her an opportunity for getting out of the room.

"I fear, even now, we shall only just arrive at the station at the time named."

"Go, then, and put on your blue merino dress, my dear, and the swans-down cape which Lady Lloyd sent you," said the governess.

"It will be a proper attention to appear in it."

Oh, Miss Lee, Miss Lee! had you known for what you were decking out that fair young creature, in her most becoming attire, you would have ordered black as the most fitting garb.

Henry Allnutt could scarcely wonder at his friend's passion for the farmer's daughter, when he caught a glance of her, as she re-entered the room, some ten minutes after.

A pale blue dress, falling in loose folds around her, a white swans-down deep cape, and a hat trimmed with blue velvet, was the simple but most becoming bridal attire which Winifred Herbert had unconsciously been ordered to assume.

A deep flush had succeeded her paleness, and the deep grey eyes sparkled with feverish excitement, as Allnutt bade farewell to Miss Lee, and conducted his fair charge from the house.

"Compose yourself, Miss Herbert," he said, gently.

"You are with a friend, and in a few moments I shall conduct you to your lover; but you are walking too fast.

"You will exhaust yourself before your strength will be most needed."

"No, no, I am quite well; only let us go on," was the hurried reply.

The went on in silence, for Allnutt saw that it was kinder to leave her to her own thoughts, till they reached a turn in the road, some half mile from "The Cedars," where a chaise was waiting.

"What is it?—what does that mean?" said the young girl, shrinking back, as her eye fell on the carriage.

"Do not fear, Miss Herbert.

"I pledge you my word you shall be restored to your abode in an hour or two," said Allnutt, earnestly.

Winifred had no time to ask any more.

The next moment the door of the chaise opened, and Evan Lloyd leaped out.

"My own Winny!" he exclaimed, "this is indeed like yourself.

"You shall not repent your confidence, my love.

"Let us go at once.

"There is not a moment to lose."

"Where are you going to take me, Evan?" said the girl, still hesitating.

"Only about a mile or so from her, my love," was the reply.

"And then I will commit you once more to Mr. Allnutt's care, to reconduct you to your lady abbess.

"Come, darling, do not hesitate."

She paused yet a moment.

There were a few whispered words of reproachful love, and she yielded to the gentle force, and allowed herself to be half lifted into the chaise, which instantly drove off at a brisk pace in the direction of a small Welsh village.

* * * * * *

Two hours from that time the same carriage stopped at the same spot.

The same persons who had entered it left its shelter.

And two of them once more prepared to retrace their steps towards the respectable residence of Miss Lee.

The same, and yet how changed was one of these three in those two brief hours!

Changed in name, in destiny, even in feeling, Winifred Herbert was now in the eye of Heaven, and as she believed in that of man, the wife of Evan Lloyd, her destiny to be henceforward mingled with his.

His joys and hers, his sorrows and her griefs identical.

This was indeed the greatest and most permanent change that woman at any age can know.

But when it takes place in such extreme youth as that of the young bride in question, it seems more striking and more solemn than in after life.

Nor were the feelings, and thoughts, and wishes of the girl less altered by that brief ceremony.

The light-heartedness of the girl was gone, the thoughtless gaiety of early youth was for Winifred a thing of the past.

She was now a woman and a wife, and (alas for her!) with a heavy secret to burden and bow down the buoyancy of her nature.

There was a timid pensiveness, a sweet gravity, an appealing, clinging submissiveness in the look and gesture with which she leaned on the arm of the husband of an hour, which could not but touch Evan's heart, and which awakened some remorseful interest even in the harder nature of Henry Allnutt.

"Take care of her, Allnutt," said Evan, "and come back to me at the Harp and Fiddle, as soon as you have safely delivered her to the mother superior.

"And Winny, darling, remember, that in a few, a very few short weeks, we shall meet again.

"Heaven bless you, my own, my dear wife!"

A hasty embrace, a suppressed sob, and the bride was taken from her husband's arms, and gently, even tenderly, supported along the narrow lanes which led to "The Cedars."

"What can I do?" murmured Winifred.

"I cannot go in to dinner, or appear as usual in the school this afternoon.

"And yet Miss Lee will not take any excuse."

"Leave it to me," replied Allnutt; "I will manage her for you."

"How very good and kind you are," said the young girl, gratefully.

"I don't know what I could have done without you to-day; I shall never forget your kindness."

"Good,—kind."

Poor Winifred, she little knew what a dagger these words carried to her companion's heart.

He felt himself doubly a villain.

"I will save her, nevertheless," he thought.

"She shall not be sacrificed to selfish caprice and pride.

"But how will it be possible?

"That hateful bond he has over me chains my every limb, my every action.

"Fool! madman that I was to give him the power even to save myself!"

The pair had now arrived at "The Cedars."

Henry Allnutt went in at the earnest request of his trembling companion, in order to divert the formidable attention of the governess from her pupil.

"I trust you will not think me impertinent, he said—

"If I venture to suggest your womanly, gentle tact would doubtless discover that Miss Herbert might be more prudently left to herself in perfect quiet for a few hours.

"She heard a sad narrative from her friends of the fate of a valued servant and nurse of her childhood, which has quite upset her, and——"

"That is the result of going away from her usual occupations and studies," observed Miss Lee, loftily.

"I always object to irregularities on that account."

"But in this case, madam, may I not hope that you will extend your judicious indulgence to your young pupil," said Allnutt.

"I am sure she will amply repay you by increased zeal on the morrow."

The allusion to Winifred as a mere child—a mere schoolgirl—was a happy stroke of policy, and Miss Lee was relieved from the slightest suspicion that Mr. Allnutt could have any but a "pastoral" feeling for the fair object of his intercession.

"Of course, of course, Mr. Allnutt," was the gracious reply.

"Miss Herbert, my dear, you can retire to your room till tea-time, when I hope you will appear with your usual propriety of manner and attention to your duties."

Winifred gladly obeyed, and Allnutt, as soon as he could decorously escape followed her example.

"How is she?" was Evan's eager question.

"As well as you could suppose," was the reply.

"And the old dragon?" he asked.

"I managed her as well as any St. George in the kingdom," replied Allnutt.

"She was as tame as a dove when I left."

"Good," said Evan.

"I will not forget your services.

"And now for some dinner, and then we can talk over the future more quietly.

"To-morrow I shall return to Llanover, and you——"

"To my situation and starvation," replied Allnutt, bitterly.

"It won't be for long," said Evan.

"But, Allnutt," he added, suddenly, "did you not make up some sort of form, something or other in print, by way of satisfying Winifred?"

"Yes," replied Allnutt.

"Where is it?" demanded Evan.

"I gave it to her," replied Allnutt.

"She was the proper person to keep it.

"But I saw you with it afterwards."

"You are a sharp-sighted fellow, Allnutt," said Evan, laughing outright.

"The little darling was frightened to keep it, and begged me to take care of it for her, little imagining it was not worth the ink it was written with."

"Evan Lloyd!" exclaimed his companion "you are a greater——"

"Hush!—no hard names, if you please," said Evan.

"I tell you, man, I mean as honorably as any gentleman in the land.

"But you must let a fellow have his joke.

"There, I'll wrap the precious document up in lavender, or in my pocket-book, if you wish.

"I should think it would be far more to your interests if it were thrown in the fire.

"It has an ugly look with it for a layman to forge a clerical document."

A peculiar look passed over Allnutt's face, and, to Evan's great surprise, one rather of amusement than annoyance at the taunt.

"Perhaps you are right, Lloyd," said he; "you can burn it if you will."

"Thank you," said Evan.

"I shall consider the matter.

"And now we will turn to a more agreeable subject.

"I'm deuced hungry, I can tell you, after all this exertion."

Allnutt was seldom indisposed for a good dinner—a luxury now so rare with him—and the companions for the next hour were engaged in discussing present delicacies and past days as if nothing had occurred which could throw a gloom over the future of Winifred Herbert.

Before Henry Allnutt and Evan Lloyd separated that night some bank notes had been transferred from Evan's pocket-book to his friend's empty purse, and sundry arrangements were also made as to the pecuniary bettering of the fortune of the neglected and oppressed Allnutt, as soon as Evan was established in his new possessions.

CHAPTER VI.

WE now pass over an interval of some months, and take up our narrative on a glorious morning in the following August.

It was about twelve o'clock, and the "hands" employed at Llanover Mill were pouring out from the doors of the building, and dispersing in various directions, hastening to their respective homes for their dinner.

The din of the machinery had stopped, the river flowed silently and calmly on its way through the rich wood which skirted its bank, immediately behind the mill bridge, and the busy scene of stirring activity, with the little world of human workers who had but now tenanted it, was changed in a few brief moments to the solitude of repose, which better befitted its calm beauty.

And yet the mill was not altogether tenantless.

Some ten minutes after, a staid, middle-aged man, rather verging towards the full meridian of life, but without the remotest signs of its decay, issued from one of its doors, which has recently given egress to his subordinates.

He was a plain, grave-looking man, with iron grey hair, and deep-set, but keen grey eyes.

His complexion bore that peculiar hue which is generally seen in those who have been much among machinery; but the features were not unpleasing, though plain and unpretending as his dress, which consisted of a dark grey suit, a spotted black necktie, and a singularly deep shirt collar, which was partly hidden by a pair of bushy whiskers.

Such was Hugh Evans, the overlooker and manager of Llanover Mill, so far as outward appearance went; his character, however, will be more perfectly developed as we proceed.

After descending the mill steps, Hugh stood for a few moments looking around him.

It could not be at the prospect, for it was as familiar to him as his own bedroom furniture; nor did he appear to be expecting any particular individual, for his keen eyes were not bent in any special direction.

It was a sort of discursive, meditative glance round, which might have a general or particular object in view, but certainly neither of the causes we have named.

After a while the expression of his countenance, or rather of its most speaking feature, the eyes, changed; he shook his head, and muttered, "I will see if it is so; there can be no harm in that."

He began to walk rapidly in the direction of the wood, but he took rather a round-about direction.

He did not, as he ought to have done, go straight along the river and into the recess of the wood, but went by circular paths, little frequented, round to the other entrance of the long straight road, which was a sort of highway for the inhabitants of Llanover; and when he was fairly in its recesses, his step seemed to become involuntarily quieter and slower, and his air more reflective and observant.

He walked on for some moments before anything appeared to justify his listening attitude, and then voices suddenly broke on the ear, though in a subdued and indistinct tone.

One of the voices was soft and sweet, and both were young and rich-toned.

Hugh Evans knew them well, and needed not to risk detection by attempting to catch a glimpse of the speakers.

So he stood very still, and listened with the eager, sharp, intense attention which marks the eavesdropper—for either good or evil purpose.

He stood thus for a quarter of an hour, and then there was a movement in the boughs, and a crackling of dried leaves, which showed the speakers were preparing to move.

Hugh now quietly retraced his steps, and after listening, and looking cautiously round on emerging from the wood, he walked briskly back to the mill, with a thoughtful face and downcast eyes.

"Poor little thing!—pretty Winny!" he muttered; "it is too bad, and she so young and artless.

"I had some thoughts at one time, if the old man had lived, and I had become a partner as he promised; but now there is not money enough at present to gild this grey hair, or smooth the lines in this rugged face of mine.

"And yet, it is not age that has turned my hair, or marked my features.

"I have not seen my forty-second birthday yet; and a prosperous mill-owner might well have pretended to the farmer's daughter, though she may have a few acres of poor land tacked to her apron strings.

"But now, if what she says is true, all is over, and both plans are at an end.

"Never mind, the broken threads sometimes join together strongest, and a Welshman's brain is seldom quite barren of schemes.

"Now for him.

"In the first-place, I expect I shan't have much trouble in that quarter,

"The blood of the Lloyds is far too pure and precious for anything so commonplace and plebeian as work, and there I shall have him, if I bide my time; I fancy I don't lack patience, nor self-control either."

Evans only did himself justice in this last eulogium, for when, some minutes after, Evan Lloyd carelessly lounged into the

apartment where his overlooker usually sat, his utmost penetration could not have discovered one unusual or suspicious trace of the recent hurried walk, or the unexpected discovery made by the grave occupied man before him.

Hugh was earnestly examining some of the weavers' books, and only just looked up as his employer entered, in acknowledgment of his presence, without leaving his occupation.

"Well, Evans," said his master, "what are you poring over?

"Nothing wrong, is there?"

"No, sir, not exactly wrong," replied Hugh.

"I was only casting up Jones's week's work.

"But I tell you what, sir," he added, "I am afraid we've some awkward times before us; and I think we must lower the wages a bit, or the year won't look as it ought at balancing time."

"What makes you think that, Evans?"

"The markets are awkward, sir," he replied, "and our stock is heavy—very heavy, and the last prices showed a rapid downward tendency.

"'Tis very different from what it was for the last five years, and we must act accordingly."

"I shouldn't like to lower the wages at present, Evans," said his master, thoughtfully.

"It would create discontent, especially when I have only been here a few months; and Mr. Lewis never did such a thing, I understand."

"He never had occasion, sir."

"Then you think I'm worse off—is that it, Evans?" he asked, in a half-piqued, half-jesting tone.

"I don't go out of my proper station, I hope, sir?" said Hugh Evans, apologetically.

"'Tis your interests I have at heart."

"I'm sure of it, Evans, and I was only jesting," said his master.

"But, seriously, I would rather do anything than take such a step just now."

"Then, sir, you must hold stock till things change, or you will be a dead loser, that's all."

"You must find me some money, then, Evans, and within the next three months—or rather the means of getting it, if I am not to sell.

"I want at least a five thousand dollars before March next, and half of it by Christmas."

"Impossible, sir," said Evans, "unless Sir William——"

"Sir William is out of the question," interrupted Evan.

"He will not, if he can, and I don't mean to ask him; so no more of that.

"I tell you, man, if the business is what it was represented to be, there can be no difficulty; and if you cannot——"

He stopped, but Evans understood the hint.

"I'm a plain and a quiet man, Mr. Lloyd," said he; "but I hope I know my place and my business as well as most people, and better than many.

"'Tis my duty to tell you the truth, and then if you give orders knowingly, 'tis for me to execute them; but I won't deceive you just to make things smooth and win favor."

"You're an honest fellow, I do believe, Evans," said his master; "and you may depend upon it I won't blame you for what I do myself, or what you do by my orders. You have done your duty in telling me the real state of matters, and of course I have good reasons for any course I may then see fit to adopt."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Evans, significantly.

"Very well," continued his master; "then now we understand each other.

"I will certainly not allow any lowering of wages for the present, and you must find me the money I want, by some means, without compromising me in the matter."

"How much can you do with, sir?"

"How little, I suppose you mean?

"Well, I will give you every chance I can.

"Fifteen hundred dollars before Christmas, and then I must have four thousand more before March; and this, mind you, without any scandal in the place, or serious diminution of the capital."

"You put a difficult task on me, sir," said Evans.

"I can't say that I see my way clear at all, but I will do my best."

"Pshaw, man!" exclaimed Evan Lloyd. "Why, if the business is worth anything like what was stated, there could be no difficulty whatever.

"Why, the mill and machinery and stock were insured for something like fifty thousand."

"That's not available, sir," replied Evans; looking thoughtfully on the ground; "it is only the means of making money—not actual property."

"Well, well, don't worry me with the details or difficulties, man!" again exclaimed Evan.

"I tell you the money I must have.

"What the deuce are you for if I am to find brains and suggestions, as well as capital and——"

"Enough said, sir," interrupted Evans; "I will engage to do as much as any man can; but there's no coining money, you must remember."

"If there was, there'd be little merit in finding it, Evans," returned his master.

"But, as you observe, there's enough said, and I have only one word more to add.

"If you prove yourself faithful and zealous, you won't repent it.

"I shall find plenty of ways of showing that I know how to appreciate your services.

"Now, have you anything more to say? I'm going up to the Grange."

"I've just too or three things to show you, sir.

"I won't keep you a moment."

Hugh Evans brought some letters and other business matters before his young master's attention, which was given rather hastily and impatiently.

Then Evan Lloyd took his hat, and walked rapidly out of the place, towards his father's house.

"Not compromise his name, but get the money," said Hugh, looking earnestly after him; "fair outward seeming, never mind what's within.

"That's my well-born young master's doctrine.

"Do what I like, as long as I keep him safe.

"Very well, we shall see; only if I keep him safe, it may be that I shall take care that he is safe in my power; and that, may be, won't suit."

The "hands" were now fast returning to their work, and Hugh Evans put aside all further reflection or speculation for the time, and became once more the stirring, practical man of business.

CHAPTER VII.

EVAN'S visits to The Grange had not been very constant of late, though he could perhaps hardly have accounted to himself for the reluctance he felt to mingle more frequently in the small family circle.

His gentle, refined mother, and gay, graceful young sister, were in themselves attractions enough to make any house agreeable.

Sir William, though a shade graver and more reserved than formerly, was always a kind and intelligent companion.

But Evan always felt a sort of constraint—a dread of something, he knew not what, which had certainly increased most rapidly since Winifred finally returned from Wrexham.

He was like a man living on a mine, and fearful of the most trivial and accidental spark which could ignite the train.

It was at least three or four days since his last appearance at The Grange, and on his entrance he was met by a gentle reproach from his mother and a playful scolding from his sister.

"Why, Evan, you are getting a most detestable man of business," exclaimed Lucy, gaily.

"I declare your very hair looks anxious and bristling.

"I told Winifred only the other day that you were getting such a grave middle-aged man, that I almost fancied you now with a wife and half-a-dozen children about you."

"And what did she say to such nonsense?" inquired Evan.

"Looked half-frightened at my talking such treason against my elder brother," replied Lucy.

"What a submissive little wife she would make, Evan!—just fit for your lordly self."

"Hush, Lucy darling!" interposed her mother.

"I don't like even harmless jests on that subject.

"I would never try to control my children's choice in the matter, but——"

The entrance of Sir William with letters in his hand interrupted the sentence, but Evan knew his mother well enough to see that she would certainly be slow to approve of the farmer's daughter for his bride, though he did not doubt she might eventually give a reluctant consent.

"I am glad to see you, Evan," said Sir William, "for here are two letters that you may perhaps help me in answering.

"One announces the death of an old friend of mine in my young days, the Baron de St. Hilaire, and adds a cordial invitation for myself or any member of my family to visit his son and daughter, by way of renewing the hereditary friendship between the families.

"The other is from a gentleman of whom you have often heard me speak, Colonel Willmott.

"He wants a tutor sent out to him at the Cape for his only son, a boy of thirteen, whom he cannot make up his mind to part with, and has written to know whether I can help him in the matter."

"Well, sir, what am I to do?" asked Evan, gravely; "go out to the Cape myself, or take a trip over to France?"

"The last is no bad idea, Evan," said his father.

"I had a great regard for M. de St. Hilaire, and dislike the idea of losing the few connections remaining to us.

"They may be of use to you and Lucy.

"If you authorize me to do so, I will say that you will pay those young people a visit before long."

"Most willingly, sir," replied Evan, "only don't bind me to any time; you know I am not quite my own master now."

"You are right, Evan," said the baronet. "Since you have chosen a calling, it is only common sense to pursue it diligently.

"I am glad you see the necessity of working into your new occupation practically."

"Then you don't wish me to go out and flog this young Bushman into order, sir?" said Evan.

"Scarcely," said Sir William, smiling.

"But perhaps you can find some one among your old college friends who would be glad to do so."

"An excellent idea, sir!" exclaimed Evan.

"I really do know a very worthy fellow who is starving on a mere bread-and-water pittance, who would be thankful enough for such a berth.

"Shall I write to him?"

"I should like to see him myself, first," replied Sir William, "for Colonel Willmott asks it as a particular favor that I will send out no one whom I do not personally know. If you like to send for your friend here, I dare say I shall quite endorse your recommendation."

Evan did not like to send for his friend; but, on the other hand, he knew perfectly well that Sir William would not depart from the instructions he had received, and the idea of getting Allnutt so completely out of his way was worth risking something for.

"I will invite him, of course, sir," said Evan; "and nothing but want of leave or funds will prevent his coming, and I feel certain you will be satisfied when you see him."

"Then you had better lose no time, as I am to despatch some one by the very first opportunity," returned the baronet; and the subject dropped.

Evan had promised to lose not a single post, and he was not likely to delay, though from very different reasons from those which his father assigned for his promptness, and before he left The Grange the letter was written, and despatched to the nearest post town.

"By the way, Evan," said Lucy, "have you heard that we have got a new curate?

"He is to come into residence this week, and preach for the first time next Sunday."

"Where's old Dalton gone?" asked Evan, sharply.

"Why can't he attend to his own parish, I wonder?

"I'm sure the duty is not very heavy."

"His sister is very ill in Italy, and he is gone to be with her for some months, and I don't at all object to the change," replied Lucy, demurely, "I am terribly tired of those prosy sermons of his.

"I can remember them all in turn.

"I fancy, good old man, he arranges them as I do papa's shirts—the last used he puts to the bottom of the heap."

"And the new clergyman will be a nice companion for you, Evan, if he turns out well," observed Sir William.

"I am told he is well-born and well-looking, which promises well."

Evan did not reply.

There was nothing at all desirable, at least to his notions, in the advent of a young and handsome man in the neighborhood, and an incipient, unreasonable jealousy, took possession of his mind at the very idea of a coming rival.

* * * * * * *

On the following Sunday the pretty little country church of Llanover was crowded, at least it was so unusually full as to deserve that epithet in that quiet, secluded spot.

Few had seen, no one had spoken to, the young curate; but it was reported that he was far different from any one who had ever appeared in that rustic pulpit in the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and young and old were alike curious to see the successor to the old man who had christened and married most of the villagers, and stood at the bedside of the sick and dying among their families for the last thirty years.

Every eye was turned on the door of the small room, or rather recess, which did duty for a vestry; and when the old clerk appeared, it was as much as some of the younger and more anxious of the assembly could do to avoid standing up to catch a sight of the gentleman who followed him.

Charles Thornton was about twenty-seven; tall, slight, dark, and thoughtful-looking.

He was not handsome, but the exceeding intelligence of his grave face and the graceful proportions of his figure were in themselves no small attractions.

His movements were singularly easy and elegant, even under the disguising surplice and gown in which he first appeared to the admiring or critical eyes which were eagerly bent upon him.

One there was, however, in that small congregation who seemed instantly fascinated on his entrance into the reading-desk, and who actually started with surprise as he raised his head, after the momentary devotions which had concealed the face.

Winifred Herbert's bright eyes were fixed on the young clergyman's face, and a deep blush suffused her cheek as his glance accidentally fell on her during the singing of the hymn before the service began.

The quick, jealous eyes of Evan Lloyd were cognizant of all that was going on, and his look of angry displeasure made it evident to him that Mr. Thornton was not totally unmoved by the recognition.

The sacredness of the place, and the duty he had to perform, prevailed over all minor considerations and ere the hymn ceased he was calm and apparently engrossed by the service.

Only one trace was betrayed of any consciousness on the part of the young curate. He carefully abstained from looking towards the pew where Winifred sat till the prayers were concluded, and then, as he walked slowly into the vestry, Evan caught a hasty glance which Winifred herself did not perceive.

Her eyes were steadfastly fixed on her book till the sermon began, and even then she scarcely lifted them to the preacher's face, though she was evidently listening to what he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"No," said the sad-eyed man, "I never press a young woman to play on the piano. I tried it once to my sorrow." "Why, what followed?" asked a half dozen eager voices. "She played," replied the sad-eyed man. "I shall never forget the lesson I learned that day."

Scientific and Useful.

TAR.—Tar may be readily removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and wiping dry immediately. The volatile oil in the skins dissolve the tar so that it can be wiped off.

STEEL NAILS.—Steel nails can be driven into the hardest wood without boring, it is said, going even into white oak knots, without bending. The price of them is about one dollar per keg higher than that of iron nails.

IVORY CEMENT.—Dissolve one part of isinglass and two parts of white glue in thirty of water; strain, and evaporate to six parts. Add one-thirtieth part of gum mastic dissolved in one-half part of alcohol; add one part of zinc white. When required for use, warm and shake up.

PAVEMENTS.—At a high temperature bricks absorb fifteen or twenty per cent. of asphalt, and become converted into an elastic and very durable material. A pavement of bricks thus treated has been laid in a street where neither granite nor compressed asphalt had hitherto withstood the wear.

TEXTILES.—Impregnating textile fabrics with an oil distilled from birch bark makes them impermeable to fresh or salt water, acids, alkalies and mildew without impairing their flexibility and softness. The treatment prevents rotting, and adds to the durability of rope, cordage, etc., as well as of woven fabrics.

AMMONIA AND COAL OIL.—A bottle of ammonia should be placed in each barrel of petroleum in oil regions. If the oil should then ignite from any cause, the bottle would break and the ammoniacal vapors would at once extinguish the fire. It is proposed to apply this plan of protection from fire to collieries liable to fire damp.

POLYBLADE.—As its hybrid name will have suggested, this is a knife with many blades. It has been devised for the purpose of enabling certain stages of cooking to be much more rapidly passed than is ordinarily the case. For instance, the operations of slicing French beans, cutting up into pieces orange-peel for marmalade, chipping potatoes, all entail the consumption of much time. By using the polyblade knife these operations can be performed in a very smart manner.

Farm and Garden.

THE MIDGET SHEEP.—The very smallest of all kinds of sheep says St. Nicholas is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise; for of course, it can not have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could almost eat one at a meal. It is so small when full grown that it can hide behind a good sized bucket. It takes its name from the particular part of France where it is most raised.

PACKING APPLES.—It is always best to pack different varieties of apples by themselves rather than to mix up all sorts in a barrel. Most persons have some preference in regard to varieties. People who would not buy at all or who would pay an inferior price for a barrel of mixed fruit, would buy readily and at a good figure a barrel containing only their favorite sort. After the varieties are all separately packed, the odds and ends may be used at home or for local sale, or may be packed and shipped, and marked "mixed."

PLUM, PIGS AND POULTRY.—A floating paragraph offer this seasonable reminder: "Those who intend to set out plum trees this fall should not forget that plums, pigs and poultry are a trio which flourish well together, and when planted in yards occupied by pigs or chickens, or both, good crops seldom fail to be obtained, as it is believed that the continual disturbance of the soil and the prevention of the growth of weeds and grass prevent the curculio from secreting themselves at night. They also destroy the insects as fast as they expose themselves upon the ground."

THE PIG STY.—There is no excuse or decency in having a filthy pig sty. This should and can be as clean and neat as the abode of any other farm animal, and when found otherwise, our word for it, there is something wrong with the farmer. We have seen pig sties so scrupulously neat and clean that a person could go into it and lie down, without injury to his clothes or discomfort to himself, and we have seen those that were an abomination to olfactories when several rods away, let alone coming near enough to see the filth. This is certainly poor policy, poor for the hog and poor for the hog eater.

A GOOD POTATO.—The following are the requisite qualities of a good potato: When cut into the color should be yellowish white; if it is a deep yellow it will not cook well. There must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not enough to collect in drops and fall off, even with moderate pressure. Rub the two pieces together, and, if it is good, a white froth will appear around the edges and also upon the two surfaces after they are separated. This signifies the presence of a proper quantity of starch. The more froth then, consequently the better the potato; while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The quantity of the starchy element may also be judged by the more or less ready adherence of the two parts. If the adherence is sufficient for one piece to hold the other up, the fact is evidence of a good article.

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WORRY AND FRET.

The disposition to worry and fret is partly a matter of temperament, and partly a matter of habit, often partly of both temperament and habit. Some people seem born to be in a worry all the time, others seem to never take anything seriously to heart; still others worry just enough to escape contingent troubles. Where worrying is a matter of temperament, the cultivation of sound philosophy with regard to the ordinary affairs of life may do much to check it. A firm and abiding sense of the wisdom and goodness of God will serve as an antidote to it, but the removal of legitimate causes of worry will not help matters at all. The battle is to be fought in one's own soul, and it matters little how slight the precipitating cause may be. One big worry will cure many little ones, as one big sorrow swallows up all lesser ones. Where worrying is a matter of habit, the only wise thing to do is to break the habit by forming one in the opposite direction.

Each one of us has just so much capital—intellectual, moral, spiritual, physical—and no more, to operate with in the life given us. So much of this as is needed in each day's work we should invest, and allow the rest to accumulate, wasting none of it, but investing it as it is called for by the exigencies of life.

As life goes on we shall have ample opportunity to invest all our surplus of whatever sort, and whatever waste, both principal and interest, will be subtracted from the sum total at our life's end. If all the time and all the spiritual and intellectual force wasted in worrying were summed up, what a grand total it would amount to! If to this all the time and power lost by the depressing effect of worrying upon the vital powers were added, how would that grand total be swelled! Hours and days are thrown away in worrying over the future trouble that never comes, and the past trouble that cannot be changed; and while we thus waste our capital of vitality, instead of providing positive good for ourselves, real troubles overtake us, and give us more things to worry over.

It is necessary that we should take precautions against evil; that we should look out and provide for contingencies; that we should make the ordinary preparations for what is in the nature of things likely to come to us, and, having done this, the next best thing is to await the coming events with serenity and presence of mind. Worrying will only upset us, waste our powers, distort our mental vision, and put us in such a state of mind as will effectually prevent the best use of our faculties.

THE ARM-CHAIR.

MR. EDITOR:—The homely piece of furniture designated above is defined by Webster as "A chair with arms to support the elbows." Now, as you have most invitingly set forward the chair, and I have trudged around several squares, and up your marble steps, I feel like making it "support" something more, by steadying my ribs in it, and allowing the "bent" of my knees below it.

A favorite signal for a confidential chat used to be, "Now, between you and I and the post." In this case it is the SATURDAY EVENING POST which completes the triumvirate, and may give point to the conclave.

I see by your heading and date that your journal fairly counts into its sixty-third year! thus embracing two full generations, and making room for a flaxen head or two of a third one. In the thoughtful language of the patriarch Jacob, "the days of the years" of such a pilgrimage present 63 times 365. If we turn them into hours the array is still more formidable, and when we part them into *heart-beats* the sum is overwhelming!

But let us not invite the infinitesimal. I cannot identify the actual first number of said POST, but I certainly handled its sheet in the first year, and thence onward at intervals through its long term. Its originators were two industrious journeymen printers of this city—Samuel Coates Atkinson, and Charles Alexander, by name. The first learned his trade with old David Hall, and the latter was an apprentice of the celebrated Zachariah Poulson, owner of the old *American Daily Advertiser*. I cannot specify the leading editor of the POST. Atkinson practiced with the shears, and Alexander picked up stray anecdotes, while Richard Penn Smith, Morton McMichael, Benjamin Matthias, and others, lent a hand occasionally. The first column of the last page led off with a humble wood-cut of a round basket of fruit and flowers, with 'The Olio" for a head-line, followed by a couplet:

> "Variety's the very spice of life
> It gives to all its flavor!"

And here, I think, originated the "small paragraph column," since become so celebrated.

One contributor, however, certainly deserves special mention; he used the signature "Omicron" (the Greek short o). He was well informed as to Philadelphia taste and home sentiment, and his pen ranged most acceptably from gospel to gossip, through several years. I recollect a barber shop sketch worth of Blackwood's *Noctes Ambrosiana*. The essayist steps in, and the head of the shop—a worthy Frenchman—applies the razor. There is quite a throng of customers, and some one picks up the POST and mentions Omicron, whereat such an expression of opinions spring up that the shaver draws blood, and explains, "there is such a *parley vous* about the news that I have made a slip. I wish it was on the chin of old *Nomdcon* or *Omelette*, or whatever is his diablement of a hard name!" And thus the little O is so elated with his fame, that he slips off with the napkin on his shoulder, and only one arm in his coat.

Now, don't think I am going to talk twaddle from your arm-chair. I see you have fought a good fight and kept the faith through a full three score years, and I hope you will take a new lease of the old ground; and, if you say so, I will speak to the landlord accordingly.

—PENN, JR.

SANCTUM CHAT.

SOME Springfield physicians are speculating upon the influence of the telephone upon the sense of hearing. They have found several cases wherein disease of the ear is said to have been aggravated by using it.

—

THE number of years that a student has to spend at a medical institution before obtaining a degree, is: In Sweden, 10; Norway, 8; Denmark, 7; Belgium, Holland, Italy and Switzerland, 6; Russia, Portugal, Austria and Hungary, 5; France, England and Canada, 4; United States, 3 or 2; Spain, 2.

—

A LITTLE girl who lived in London all her life, and had actually never seen a tree, was taken into the country with many others not long ago by a benevolent society, and, when she saw the trees waving in the wind, she clung in frantic terror to her teacher, thinking that they were some species of horrible living monsters about to attack her. Much persuasion was required to induce her to go near them.

—

AMONG the exhibits of the foreign exhibition at Boston are sets of terra-cotta ware marked "free," meaning that no duties were to be charged on them. A visitor was recently detected taking away a piece, and he innocently asserted that he thought the mark authorized him to take one. An account of stock was immediately made, and, as a score of similar articles are missing, it is thought that other visitors have made the same mistake.

—

THE Chinese seem to have very sensible views about the value of funeral orations. If the Annamese envoy, while performing his official duties at the China court, should happen to die, several academicians are charged with the duty of celebrating his virtues in a funeral oration. This action, however, instead of being handed down to posterity as a specimen of bombastic nonsense, is placed in the defunct envoy's coffin and buried with him.

—

WHEN the Belgian chemist, M. Creteur, was charged with the purification of the battlefield of Sedan, he was compelled to resort to cremation in order to dispose of heaps of half-covered bodies. Not one case of illness occurred among his 250 workmen, though they were at work under a blazing sun. After the battles of Worth and Gravelotte, and the two sieges of Paris, the bodies of the slain were cremated, and none of the usual contagious disorders occurred. In Russia, after the retreat of the grand army, corpses were burned wholesale, and later, before Paris, four thousand were cremated with a similar avoidance of bad effect. It is said if a similar method had been adopted in Egypt, the cholera would not have broken out at Damietta.

—

A PROMINENT English journal says the cost of keeping, cleaning and exhibiting their crown jewels is £1,081, or about $5,400, per annum; the fees received yearly from the public who gaze upon them is at least £2,000, or $10,000—a very handsome profit. Commencing tersely upon the matter, the writer proceeds: "How we should laugh at the Americans if they put the spare scarf-rings, and Sunday hat, and walking-stick of their president into a glass case and exhibited them to inquisitive citizens at a penny or two pence a head!"

—

THE tendency which the mind indulges in early life, it inclines to follow in advancing years. Our first impressions take the deepest root, and seem almost to become incorporated with our nature. Hence it is that every individual is so set in his first opinions. Our early impressions would prevail with us through life if our opinions could not be altered. But the mind can be affected and the understanding influenced; therefore our first opinion of things can be changed and eradicated. The most powerful way, perhaps, to effect a change, is by the influence of example. The school-boy that is fond of mischief, while at school, generally commits more or less crimes during his lifetime, unless induced by good example to mend his ways. Thus we see the great importance of forming such habits only as will render us happy in life, and guide us smoothly through that short space of time allotted to man.

—

THE North China *Herald* give an account of the home life of the boy-Emperor of the Celestial realm, who is now eleven years old, and has been legally of age since he was six. He is styled "Fo-Yeh," or the Buddha Father, and all who enter his presence pray to him as to the Deity. Even his mother, who visits him in state once a month, formally worships him. Eight eunuchs wait on him, day and night, and the number of his other servants is countless. The "god-like" boy who lives in the palace of his ancestors, and sleeps in a huge bed which many Emperors have used as their divan, dines in solitary grandeur; the eunuchs promptly interfering whenever he shows an inclination to indulge his appetite beyond measure. His tutors, when approaching him, fall upon their knees, and do not sit until the Emperor bids them. Every day he reads Chinese and Tartar for half an hour; and for two hours he rides or practices with bow and arrows, or, in winter, drives in a sleigh. For another two hours his Majesty, seated on his throne, takes counsel with his ministers; but what the unfortunate child does with the rest of his time is unknown.

—

Two revolutions may fairly be considered to be the results of the introduction of petroleum as an agent in the advance of modern civilization. One of these is yet, to a certain extent in the future, undeveloped for the present, and we may study it by and by. The other is of daily experience; its import is indicated by the words, "Let there be light." A bright light in the home is so absolutely and intimately associated with cheerfulness and domestic enjoyment, and with the higher grade of social life which is the sure attendant of all intellectual advancement, that it becomes a difficult thing to over-estimate the value of that which places such a light within the reach of those whose pecuniary resources are small. Of the wealthy we need not speak, but for the greater proportion of every community the means of brilliant illumination at small expense does more for health, for preservation of life, for happiness, for morality, for social elevation than words can express. If the degree of civilization of a nation can be estimated by the condition of its roads, more truly is it shown by the light in its dwellings. Dimness, degradation, and depravity are not merely an alliteration.

FOR EVERMORE.

BY W. H.

Under the blue of a summer sky,
  Under the spell of Beauty's thrall,
Watching the sun-clouds floating by,
  Watching the wavelets rise and fall;
Happy as lovers alone can be,
  Dreaming what bliss the years will bring—
Dreaming beside the summer sea—
  Hearing the dancing waters sing,
With rippling murmur along the shore—
  "Love is love for evermore."

Under the gray of a cloudy sky,
  Under the shadow of Love's eclipse,
Standing apart with flashing eye,
  Standing apart with quivering lips;
Fighting a duel 'twixt love and pride,
  Waging a war that is fraught with pain,
Turning Love's pleading lips aside—
  Turning deaf ear to the wave's refrain,
Breaking in sadness along the shore—
  "Love is love for evermore."

Under the gloom of a gathering storm,
  Under a midnight wild and dark,
Watches a shivering maiden's form,
  Watches and waits for some one's barque;
Helpless it rides without spar or mast,
  Driven ashore, and tossed about,
Drifting to death, and the cruel blast
  Drowning his cries with mocking shout.
Above the roar breaks a wail ashore—
  "Love is love for evermore."

Under the dawn of a sinless morn,
  Under the sorrow that grieves for the dead,
Weeps a woman with heart forlorn—
  Weeps, and will not be comforted;
Suddenly, swiftly, with eager face
  Steals one to her through wrack and rain—
Love has its triumph in a long embrace—
  The dead hath risen to life again;
And the waters murmur as before,
  "Love is love for evermore."

How It Happened.

PERCY HERBERT.

HOW it was that I came to get married at last, after a bachelorhood of forty-five years, was in this wise:

My father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a dollar.

He had never saved anything.

So, after the first great grief, when we had calmed down and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us.

I was only an accountant, and had a young fellow's habit of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways.

I had been "paying attention," too, to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way that some girls do have of leading their admirers into extravagance.

Of all the trials of that never-to-be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing niggardly in those baby blue eyes.

I passed it, though; and if ever man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in a month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who ran away from her, after a marriage of ten months.

I worked day and night, and managed to keep the wolf from the door.

I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five to my looks. I had never been very handsome or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Grandma was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day, before prosperity came to us—died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said, "I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me.

"I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me, and said, "You've been a good boy to your grandpa, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when next we looked at her she was dead, with her cheek upon her hand like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before.

But prosperity did come at last.

I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life, he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah! what a word that is after years of struggle! At last, we were rich.

But by that time I was five-and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures.

The girls were married.

Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so; and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty.

And it was on his birthday, I remember, that that letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began: "When these lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned or would if I had lived to be a hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I; and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him, and we had not met for years. I knew he had married a young girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote: "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we have never staid long enough in one place to make friends.

"Will you be her guardian? It is a dying man's last request——"

And the result of that letter, and of another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me at the railroad depot, with two little hands in mine, and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice, choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa," and of how much he had spoken of me; and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling towards her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Analyzing the emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill; and I said to myself, "This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in very truth."

And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother.

I thought only of those; somehow, I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home, and the long hours of the evening, seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life!

I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter—to listen to her poor contralto as she joined in the singing.

Sometimes I caught her eye, her great unfathomable brown eyes, for she had a habit of looking at me.

Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself.

Ashton used to look at her also.

He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he had said to me.

"She is very pretty," I replied.

Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed, and felt angry that he should have spoken to me thus, though I had never cared before.

They liked each other very much—those two young things. They were together a great deal.

A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset.

He a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Saxon-looking youth; she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Every one liked her, but I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forget—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet.

The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture; but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab it had given me.

I sat down in my own room, and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid.

I knew now that I loved Olive Hunter; that I loved her not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish passion but earnest, heart-felt love.

I in love! I arose, and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze.

The spring-time of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and blossom.

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him.

His touch upon the door startled me.

He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down opposite me.

For a few moments we were silent.

Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl:

"Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"

"I saw you on your knees," I said.

"And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned.

"You can't understand—you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad.

"Ned, I do believe she likes me, but she won't say yes, I'd give my right hand for her love. I must have it, and I think you can help me, Ned.

"From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps you are one of those old fellows who want every one to marry for money.

"Tell her you're not, Ned—dear old fellow—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it—indeed, I won't!"

"Tell her I have no objection," I repeated, mechanically.

"You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you really were one instead of a brother," said Ashton.

"If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both, I shouldn't confide in you, for it's a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank heaven you know nothing of it."

Know nothing of it! Ah, if he could have read my heart just then!

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last.

"I'll try my best."

And he flung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone—alone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly; I had been like a father to him.

I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream.

As I had said once, "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said then, "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing; I have lived for them—it needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor until the next day was quite done.

Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand.

"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so. And you—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine, and said not one word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything else could make him," I said.

"I told him I would tell you so."

And then she spoke.

"You wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him, Olive," I said.

She arose.

She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said.

And we were still as death.

Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me. I love you all," she said; "but I cannot stay here now.

"Please to let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive?" I said.

"Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured you do not love him Ashton will——"

"Hush!" she panted—"hush!

"Please let me go away! Please let me go away!"

The moon was rising.

Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leant against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes full of pain. How had I hurt so?

A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?"

And at that she turned her face from me, and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me that," she said.

"Let me go away. I wish you had never brought me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved. I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled, and my hand shook, and she turned her face towards me again and looked into my eyes.

What she saw in mine I do not know—the truth, I think.

In hers I read this: I was not too old for her; not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did not untwine it. I uttered her name, "Olive," huskily.

Afterwards, I told her of my struggle with myself, not then.

I said, "Olive, I love you, but it cannot be that you care for me. I am old enough to be your father."

And again I saw in her eyes the happy truth and took her to my heart.

But we kept our secret for a while, for we both loved Ashton, and both knew his wound was not too deep to find a balm; and within a year when the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive.

And she is mine now; and the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity in paradise.

'Neath Southern Skies.

BY C. CARNES.

WE were camped down for the night in the midst of a tropical scene.

The acacias and ferns were around and above us.

Long festoons of flowers drooped earthward.

The wattle hung her blooms of gold in the midst of other brilliant dyes.

It was like a grand conservatory; and, reclining with half closed eyes, one could readily fix together a gorgeous bouquet, veined and tinted in Nature's choicest tinting.

From branch to branch, the birds, like animate jewels, dropped or lifted their elegant plumage.

"I don't like it; it's mysterious," Charlie said, rising up from the turf and propping his head with his hand.

I knew to what he referred, but while I was thinking he went on:

"The boys won't like it.

"It looks suspicious, and the boys won't like it."

"How you look, Charlie; how lugubrious your tone," I laughed.

"The fact is, I didn't want Steve, much less Goff, to know of our proceeding; and you forget that they really are not of our mess."

"I know; but then it is sort of sneaking, and——"

He paused here, and the same shade that had played alternately with the natural sunlight of his face all day was again visible.

"And—what?" I prompted.

He hesitated.

"You'll laugh, Mic, but I had a miserable dream a night or two ago."

"Dream, Charlie? Aren't you a bit nonsensical?"

"I knew that you would laugh, but it's a serious matter to me."

"Laugh? Not I. But let's enumerate the facts of the case.

"You and I, bosom friends and Bohemians, left New York in search of a fortune. I know nothing of your history, and you of mine.

"As reporters for daily journals we led a dog's life, hunting for remnants, fragments and general odds and ends, thus obtaining a precarious subsistence. Here, on this lone and scalloped continent, whose circle and circumference remains in an eternal pickle, we manage to make a new and adhesive acquaintance with our wallets and the yellow dust.

"Now, then, in the wild mines of Balarat commences a series of mysterious, unaccountable and undiscoverable robberies. Scarcely a day passes, or night, rather, but what some miner, or company of miners, is driven distracted over their losses. Forewarned is forearmed, Charlie.

"You and I have a yearning to once more tread our native land, and having been moderately successful we steal away from the accursed locality to prospect in new diggings."

"But the boys, Mic?"

"Goff is an enigma.

"Uproarious, talkative, hail fellow with every one; half the time feigning inebriation when his head is as much on the square as yours.

"Take a mountebank along and expect to safely and privately pursue our business! Impossible! You know how his droll, wild songs and pantomimes kept the crowds around our cabin."

"But, Steve?"

"Gad, Steve! Taciturn and unreadable as an owl.

"Why I have had the most galling suspicions connected with him. His moving is like that of a panther; his breathing is always suppressed.

"By Jove! he is the greatest human puzzle that I ever undertook to solve."

"Mic," and Charlie came up squarely on his elbow, "I allow Steve is unprepossessing in manner; but now, you know, I trust him just like a brother.

"I've told him my whole history from first to last—more than I ever told you."

"Not about the money—the dust in your bootlegs and belt and wristbands?"

"Not about yours, Mic—not about yours—but I trusted him, and if anything happens to me, he will get my effects to Alice—my wife!"

"Your wife!" I vociferated, giving such a start that I stabbed my neck with a thorn growing on a shrub near by until the blood trickled from the wound.

"You are going stark, staring mad! First, in betraying the secret of your gold; and, secondly, in declaring yourself married.

"Why you are but a boy yet."

"Twenty-three six months ago," said he, with affected dignity.

"Yes, I know; but it is so odd that you never told me! Am I such an ogre?"

"Only you do give things such ludicrous turns, and I thought you might not sympathize with me in this."

"I do; but I think that you were rash in binding a young girl down like this and leaving her."

"I know; but hear me out, Mic.

"She was poor and friendless. Simply as Alice Blake she would be too proud to receive support from me; as Alice Bien she could not object."

"I understand all but that you should make a confident of Steve."

"It was my dream."

"Am I then unworthy?" I asked, with wounded feelings.

"Oh, Mic! no; but you were in the dream."

"Always that dream, Charlie. Let's have it, and perhaps I will interpret it."

"It's more the impression left than the dream itself. That wasn't much.

"I was in a place like this; you were close beside me; morning was coming up in the east, and under the acacias I was dying with the dawn."

My heart sank like lead in my bosom.

I see his face now, the handsome mouth drawn down with a pained expression, the eyebrows lifting with the expressive sigh that swelled his breast.

In vain I tried to shake off the deadly foreboding that had seized my soul.

In vain I tried to go on with a steady, low conversation.

"We will make up the course of some little tributary of the Murray, and keep closely together, and six months from now, Providence willing, we will sail for the States."

"Providence willing," he responded, dreamily.

We looked after our horses, examined our weapons, sat closer together and proposed to catch some little repose.

But the night rioted in noises.

If there was one thing with a more melancholy note than another, that thing, whether bird or beast, led off, carrying the upper and distinct part.

Gradually Charlie smoked himself to sleep.

I was glad of this, and tried to follow his example.

Midnight found my eyes wide open; hot, and smarting and still vigilant.

Now a weird, mournful cry cut through the other echoes.

Again, after a brief time, the clear, sad cry

first note, prolonging into an unearthly wail.

"Whist!" I aspirated; "'tis the dingo soaring through the other sounds, calling his fellow."

That was it, and now overcome with a sudden drowsiness, I leaned against a gum-tree and dozed, my last tangible thought being, 'I wish Charlie had heard it, to see if he thought it was the native dog."

I can't tell how long I had slept, one hour in an unconscious state being as a moment, and a moment as an hour.

I was aroused by the sound of a terrible struggle, and for the space of several seconds I did not move, believing myself in an incubus state.

I heard the crunching growl of some fierce animal, and other gasping, suffocating breathing.

Believing that some animals were in deadly contest I held my quiet unbroken, until my heart leaped into my throat at the agonized tone of a human voice.

"Rouse, Charlie! Seize your arms!

"They will be upon you in a minute!"

I only understood one phrase, "Rouse, Charlie!"

"Quick!" I gasped, for he was sleeping like a log; "we are attacked! Down among the acacias!"

He was as nearly bereft of reason as myself, but before we had had time to plan any particular mode of procedure, several dark forms leaped from the ferns and commenced the fiendish assault.

They had thought to find us sleeping, or I, in my confusion had not had the opportunity to fire a telling shot from my rifle. Charlie had not seized his gun, and he had fired but one charge from his pistol, when he fell crashing back among the shrubs.

Then there leaped astride his prostrate body a wild, panting figure, whose only weapon seemed to be the long, thin knife that sliced the air so near my face once or twice that it smote my nerves like a flash of lightning.

"Hit out! hit home!" panted this hoarse voice, which I could not recognize.

"Fight, Mic, till you are dead!

"Fight then!

"It's Goff!

"Robber! fiend! take that!"

And the blue blade again hissed before my eyes, and one of the attacking party fell, discharging his pistol as he sank down.

The ball took effect in the prostrate body of Charlie, as a low, fainting moan testified.

Then his fierce, unknown defender emitted so long, so fierce a yell that its blood-curdling echo hushed the barking, yelping and sawing reptiles and beasts in the bush.

He leaped forward among the assailants, and I was fain to replace my pistol with a knife to prevent shooting him.

The cry "'Tis Goff!" had been an instant and mighty revelation to me, and although I was dripping from more than one wound I echoed his yell, and as there were originally but five of the outlaws, and my having the first telling shot, we beat down three others, while the remaining one sought safety in flight.

Huddled down closely, watching for any movement in the bodies before us, listening for an approaching foe, our serious wounds hastily bound up with our handkerchiefs, we waited for the morning to look down upon that lone world.

"Steve, for God's sake!" I exclaimed in the first faint uplighting of the east, as we bent over Charlie's inanimate body, "how came you here?

"How did you know? What does it all mean?"

"You stole away, but you were closely watched.

"I took measures to overhear yours and Charlie's confidential plan to cross this tract of bush country to prospect.

"My business in the States had been that of a detective, and some time ago I set out investigating the matter of these mysterious robberies.

"I soon came to the conclusion that the villain was among us.

"I then began to look closer.

"Some trifling circumstances threw suspicion upon Goff.

"I watched, I proved him.

"Carelessly I kept about my work, but overheard their plan as soon as your absence had become known.

"They did not know your route, but he put that fierce bloodhound of his—that animal whom every one but himself hated—upon your scent, while they followed his call.

"Before nightfall I had had my mare tethered in an out of the way place, and I, too, on another track, followed the cry of the bloodthirsty brute.

"You know my mare, Mic; she cut him off, and I grappled him close where you lay.

"I thought to kill him with the first thrust, planning then to spring on our horses and dash back on another course, but the creature was a worthier foe than I reckoned.

"He fought like a jungle-tiger, and so they came upon us.

"And," spurning the robbers' bodies with his foot, "Goff has escaped."

"Alice!" called Charlie, suddenly starting up to his elbow. "Steve will care for you.

"Yes, Alice."

"Poor Charlie!" exclaimed the bloody and begrimed miner, dropping on his knee and lifting Charlie's head to his breast; "I loved him like a brother, and I would have saved his life with my own.

"He will never know how much I loved him."

"Yes, Steve," murmured the wounded man.

"Yes I do.

"But Alice! you have—her picture—her address—take—send——"

His breast began to heave convulsively, his breath palpitated.

"Mic—Steve," he whispered, being the only words which we could understand, and Steve held him closer, while I wiped the death-dew from his broad white forehead, and I glanced up in my companion's face with quivering features.

"His dream," whispered Steve.

Yes, it was dawn, and he was dying under the acacias.

From Trouble to Joy.

BY HENRY FRITH.

MRS. HARTLEY was seated in a small, rather cheerless sitting room, engaged in the homely occupation of stocking darning, while opposite to her Sadie, her only child, with folded hands looked out of the window.

There had been a tall figure passing down the path that led to the little gate, but, long before, that was out of sight.

Still Sadie sat there, her dark, mournful eyes looking out upon the dusty road, her beautiful mouth folded in lines of pathos, touching in so young a face.

Busily the shining needle went in and out of the stockings, and sometimes the mother cast a wistful glance at the lovely face opposite to her, as if longing to comfort or advise.

It was strangely pathetic to her to see the small white hands, that were always so busy, lying idle in the forenoon, the cheerful face so absorbed and sad.

At last Sadie broke the long, painful silence.

"Mother," she said, "Is it my duty to marry Colton Everhard?"

"Your duty, Sadie?

"Have you no warmer word to use when you talk of marrying a man to whom we owe so great a debt of gratitude?"

"No, mother.

"I am grateful to him, but I do not love him."

"Yet he loves you devotedly."

"If I could only believe that," Sadie sighed.

"If I were only sure he loved me."

"You doubt that?"

Mrs. Hartley spoke in a tone of the utmost amazement, while her busy hands fell idly before her.

"You doubt Colton Everhard's love?" she asked.

"Mother, if he really loved me, surely my heart would answer something to his words.

"But when he is most eloquent, I shrink from him the most.

"I ask myself why he should feign a love for me, who can give him nothing, not even love, in return, and find no answer.

"And yet I know, by every throb of my own heart, Colton Everhard does not love me."

"You are too romantic, Sadie. Think for a moment.

"We were miserably poor, living in an attic, sewing upon shop-work for the barest necessaries of life, when accident threw you in Colton Everhard's way."

"Was it accident?

"I have often thought it was strange that he should have stood so very near when I was insulted in the street.

"It has often troubled me that I thought I detected a glance pass between the man who was rude to me and my deliverer. It was rather dramatic, mother, that sudden rush to protect me."

"But think, Sadie, of the great delicacy exhibited in his kindness since that time.

"His introduction to me was certainly a gentlemanly method of obtaining permission to call.

"Then his procuring this cottage for us upon such easy terms, and the work we are doing, so pleasant and yet so well paid.

"And surely, Sadie, if we were still as rich as we were when your dear father died, you could not have been wooed with more respect that Colton Everhard constantly shows you."

"I know all you would urge, mother, and yet the fact remains; he does not love me."

"He is a man who might marry well in his own circle, Sadie.

"His father is one of our leading lawyers, and your poor uncle had a great respect for him."

"Uncle Herbert, mother?"

"Yes, dear, who died in California last year.

"Poor fellow, after slaving there for nearly twenty years, he must have died poor."

"Why?"

"I am his only living relative, excepting yourself, and if he has left any property, we should have heard of it."

"Yes, I have heard you say so. I wish he had left you a little money.

"Ever so little would enable up to throw off this bitter load of obligation.

"It crushes me!

"I had rather be back in our own attic, and know we were independent.

"Mother! mother! I cannot marry Colton Everhard!"

It was a despairing cry, coming from a tortured heart.

The young girl had been so gradually hedged in by the kindness of her suitor, that she had scarcely measured her load of obligation until she was asked to give her life in payment.

The keenest pain was in her own apparent ingratitude and hardness of heart.

She asked herself again and again, what she could desire in a lover and husband that Colton Everhard did not offer her.

He was young, fine-looking, intelligent, well-educated.

His family occupied a good social position, and he was in a very lucrative business.

Yet he wooed her, a penniless girl, giving her no love.

Could she marry him, and live year after year with no love for her husband, no love from him?

Could she stand before the altar, and pledge herself to honor and obey a man for whom she felt only a gratitude which tantalized her by puzzling suspicion?

As if in answer to her thought, her mother said—

"Yet you have all to gain by such marriage, Sadie, nothing to lose."

"I should lose my self-respect, my happiness for life.

"No, mother, though I may seem ungrateful, I'll not marry where's there's no love."

Mrs. Hartley did not urge the suitor's cause, although deeply disappointed at her daughter's decision.

She had married for love herself, though her husband had been a rich man, and she knew only too well how much warm, true love is needed to make married life happy.

To advise Sadie to marry Colton Everhard after her reasons for refusing were so clearly stated, would have been to do violence to all her own convictions.

But Colton Everhard did not patiently bear the rejection of the beautiful girl he had persistently wooed for many long months.

He had, as Sadie suspected, planned the apparently chance encounter which first brought him to the notice and graceful acknowledgments of the widow and her daughter.

He had spent valuable time and no small amount of money in following up this introduction, and having, as he believed, won Sadie's affection, he asked her to be his wife.

And Sadie, with only the pure instincts of her own maiden heart to guide her, had refused his offer.

With his heart full of bitter revenge, he tried to win by cruelty what he had failed to gain by kindness.

Before a week passed he urged his suit with Mrs. Hartley.

With affectionate words she told him of her own regret at Sadie's decision, but absolutely refused to use her own influence to alter it.

Then, when vague hints were thrown out to waken her fears, a stately dignity replaced the motherly warmth of her manner, and Colton Everhard was courteously but distinctly informed that Sadie could never be won by bribe or threat.

But a few days were allowed for reflection before the landlord of the little cottage raised the rent to such an exorbitant price that only immediate removal remained for the Hartleys.

The easy, lucrative work was taken away at a moment's notice, and when Sadie went to where she had formerly worked, employment was denied her there.

Winter was coming on, and the narrow attic room seemed even more dreary than before, in contrast to their cosy cottage.

Still mother and daughter spoke no word of regret for the refusal that was costing them so dear.

Sadie in her heart was thankful that some of the load of gratitude was cancelled by this sudden, rude persecution, and Mrs. Hartley spoke once in terms that quieted any pain her daughter might have felt on her account.

"Sadie," she said, "I shudder to think of your life in the power of a man who could so wreak his vengeance upon two helpless women.

"Thank God, my child, your heart guided you truly.

"No man who ever loved you could so suddenly become your enemy."

It was in January, a night when rain was falling fast upon half-melted snow, that Sadie came home after a day of fruitless search for work.

"Where is your shawl?" Mrs. Hartley said, as the girl drew, shivering to the tiny handful of fire.

"I sold it.

"We must eat or die," was the quiet reply.

As she spoke there was a knock at the door, and Colton Everhard came in.

His handsome attire, his courteous address were in strong contrast to the miserable room and the chilling reception that met him.

Still, with quiet tact, he refused to recognize the coldness, and gradually led the conversation from commonplace to personal topics.

Not abruptly, but by graceful transitions he led the way to his own hope that Sadie might think more kindly of the offer refused before.

He spoke eloquently of his love for her, delicately urging his respect and affection for her mother, and expressed the most profound regret that he had ever allowed his anger at his first refusal to influence him, as it had done, to acts of enmity.

There was no lack of words to prove his sincere affection, as he poured them into the ear of the shabby, almost despairing girl, and Sadie, listening for some answer from her own heart, found none.

Not one throb there bore witness to the truth of the vehement assertions.

Sadly, but resolutely, she said, as she had said before—

"I cannot marry you, Mr. Everhard.

"I do not love you, and you do not love me."

"I do not love you!" cried her suitor.

"Sadie, can you be so blind, so deaf to love, as to doubt mine?

"Be my wife, and every hour of my life shall prove my love for you."

"I cannot be your wife."

"Do you love another, Sadie?"

"I do not admit your right to ask that question, but I will answer you. I do not love another."

"Then love will come. I can wait, years if it must be."

But he pleaded in vain.

Sadie firmly refused to become an unloved, unloving wife.

It was late when the disappointed suitor took his leave, and Sadie crept into her mother's arms.

"Forgive me, that I deny you too the comforts of a home," she sobbed.

"Child, child," her mother said, "I want no home built upon the ruins of your happiness.

"Have you forgotten to-morrow is your birthday, Sadie?

"You are twenty-one."

There was little sleep in the cheerless attic; but the morning found the Hartleys up early, and Sadie preparing to go out in search of work.

A bright sunlight made the prospect somewhat more cheerful than it had been the previous day, and Sadie was speaking cheerily, when the postman's voice ran along the narrow passage.

"Hartley!"

"An answer to our advertisement!" cried Sadie, flying down for the letter and up again.

"A great legal envelope, marked Everhard & Hall," she said.

"Can Colton sue me for breach of promise, mother?"

There was a pause while Sadie opened the letter.

Then Mrs. Hartley gave a startled cry at the deadly pallor of the face lifted to meet her eyes.

"Mother," Sadie said, in a hushed voice, "can you bear a great shock?"

"Yes, dear.

"All we love are dead, and we have each other."

"A shock of joy, mother!

"Rather a novel sensation for you and me.

"This tells me my Uncle Herbert left a will."

"Yes, Sadie.

"Speak quickly, child."

"In care of Everhard & Hall, to be opened upon my twenty-first birthday.

"Colton Everhard's father, mother, has had this will since poor Uncle Herbert died."

"I begin to understand, dear. You are heiress——"

"To one hundred thousand dollars, mother."

There was a long, long silence, and Mrs. Hartley gently untied Sadie's shabby bonnet.

After a moment of struggle for composure, Sadie cried hysterically.

There was no more hunger or cold for the heiress or her mother.

It was three years later when Sadie was sought again for a wife by one who loved her and won the treasure of her love; and the warm, true heart, under the appeal of sincere devotion, no longer held the silence that had once saved the lovely girl from becoming the unloved, unloving wife of an unscrupulous fortune-hunter.

THE National Railroad Company of Japan, incorporated with a capital of $20,000,000, under the auspices of the Japanese Government, two years ago, has adopted the American system of building railroads, and is now constructing the main line which extends from Tokio to Anderson, the Northern seaport of Japan, a distance of 450 miles. A part of the main line, about fifty miles in length, has already been finished and will open to the public this month or next. The terminus of the line is the commercial centre of a province where silk culture is the principal occupation of the people. The silk raised in this province is highly esteemed in foreign markets and is exported to America as well as to Europe in large quantities every year. It is expected that the whole line will be finished within three years.

Summing up the Results of a Year's Treatment.

A lady patient in Lockport, N. Y., thus sums up the results of a year's Compound Oxygen Treatment:

"It is now a year since I commenced using the Oxygen, and I can readily sum up the good results of the Treatment. It is hardly too much to say that I am infinitely better. I am stronger in every way and rarely suffer now from the utter exhaustion which was my usual condition before. I cannot remember the time when I have been so free from headache as during the past year. My physician rejoices in my improvement and assures me that I am going to get well."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

The Earth Spirit.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

NOT all the earth spirits are spirits of the lower earth, though even these have their aspirations, as we see in light of gem and ore when brought into the rays of the sun.

But besides these, there are some who exist in the verdant surface of the upper world, and in delicately-painted, sweetly-scented bloom.

From darkness and mould, they breathe up, through root, and stem, and leaf, and mingle with the spirits of water and of air, and gaze on the light of the sun.

And one sweet earth spirit, hidden far, far down, encircled by the gnomes, the kobolds, and other grotesque beings of the darkness and the mine, longed with all her heart to be higher and loftier—to see a fairer race, and behold the bright day.

Weary to her was the darkness and the metallic barshness.

Weary to her the weight of superincumbent mountains, the oppression of heated subterranean air.

Oh, to climb upward with some root and breathing flower—to soar thus away and away to the light of the living sun!

And once, at length, as she was sitting alone and sad, there came to her a low, sweet whisper, and it said—

"Look up to me!

"Piercing down to thee, lonely one, through the gloom, are the roots of the bright anemone.

"Let thy spirit ascend through them, and through traceried leaf and vivid scarlet blossom, to meet me, one of the spirits of the air."

And with toil and pain, the Earth Spirit breathed and climbed to the surface, and after labor and diligence, saw the upper world, and felt the soft-breathing zephyr caressing its own swaying, unresting, trembling flower.

Through the wind-flower came the wafted breeze, and it lightly tossed every bending blossom of the garden, and bore along with it the variegated and joyous butterfly.

Fairer than the flowers was the beautiful Clarice who stood among them, tending them.

She was so very sweet and bright that the fluttering zephyr whispered to the Earth Spirit—

"Blend with hers thy destiny. Intermingled thus must all that is fortunate await thee!"

And willingly the Spirit gave herself up to be of one destiny with the beautiful maiden, and Clarice plucked the wind-flower and fastened it in the jewel she wore at her neck.

When the soft evening came on, the poet walked in the woods near that blooming garden, and waited and watched for the one he loved.

How often he had thus wandered!—how often gazed on the light in her room through the melancholy darkness of the hours of the winter evening!

To him the maiden was as a being too lovely and exalted for earth, and he had as yet worshipped afar only, as the heliotrope worships the sun.

But this evening, in a woodland path, Clarice turned on him the glory of her eyes, and he entered with her the garden, and walked near the tossing anemones.

Then, brokenly, he told her all his tale.

He spoke of poetry and the men who interpret it to us, and "take our souls up to the worth of life," and his eyes and his heart glowed with the enthusiasm of poetry, and he spoke to his beloved one of love.

Stay, blissful hour.

Breathe softly around them, balmy zephyrs.

Sway to the lovers' feet, unresting anemones; and smile, oh, evening star!

But alas, alas! for the destiny interwoven with Clarice's!

For the maiden could not comprehend the lofty poet, and would not train her mind to his heights.

So, after a while, she forsook him, in order to wed one who possessed wealth and nothing more.

She was earthly, of the earth, and desired nothing but the riches thereof.

In silence and heart-break, the poet bore his grief.

And for her it was the old words over again, sentencing her free choice:—

"As the husband is, the wife is; thou shalt lower day by day; what is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay."

Woe, then, woe for the destiny interwoven with Clarice's!

No longer could the Earth Spirit aspire, no longer live a higher life, no longer breathe the upper air and rejoice in the [illegible] of the heavens.

Down she came, all low in the blackness of the under-ground, and her slow pace was sorrow and in weeping and around her was the blackness of night.

Light winds rose, gave and in joy flitted along the upper air, missing not for too long the green plant and [illegible] the Earth Spirit, but spending rich perfume from the rose, and swaying the wave and the water-lily, and sinking heavy laden with the scent of the mignonette and the musk.

But there are other spirits of the air besides the balmy zephyrs.

So it came to pass as the Earth Spirit still lay sunk in misery and night, weeping on and on, that a voice came to her, low and strong and tender, saying—

"Oh, unhappy one! thou shouldst the rather have thy destiny with that of one whom the poet loved not, but who loved him, and whose love made her life the loftier.

"Alas for thee!

"Clarice was only beloved, but Irene in silence loves.

"And, for her sake, spirit, wilt thou brave all and ascend once more?

"The pain shall be great and the work laborious, but the result glorious, and the light all-illuminating."

"I will go," said the Earth Spirit.

And the Wind King floated her on along the river of her tears, and she passed from the darkness to the silvery twilight of vaulted crystalline halls, which were roofed with lace-like tracery, and hanging therefrom many a fretted, carved pendant.

Beneath them the water peacefully rested, and through their translucent pearl came to the Earth Spirit the softly-tempered light.

For she was dwelling in the cloister of the frost, in a home of sheltered warmth and sweet obscurity.

Among the great trees near the ice-bound stream was sometimes heard the going of the Wind King, and with the spring-time the nurturing frost unlocked the waters to a glorious freedom; and, having ploughed the land for flowers, passed to his home till his time should come again.

"Arise, arise!" said the Wind King; "cling, O Earth Spirit, to the roots of this mighty oak!

"Thou shalt linger awhile in darkness, and shalt pass through his expanding heart.

"Bear with thee moisture from thy stream.

"Refresh the uprising sap.

"Spend thy appointed time in the darkness of trunk and bough, and branch and shoot.

"Then in leaf look forth once more to the light of the living sun."

And how long did the Earth Spirit toil upward in the dark?

We know not, but this we know—that the toil was happy, being wrought in the strength of patience and hope, and that the words of the Wind King were fulfilled and the end attained.

In the time when "the melancholy days are come, and the saddest of the year," when the leaves which have danced in the sunshine drop in the sighing wind, there fell among them the withered vesture through which the Earth Spirit had breathed and gazed, and she sank back into the sheltering oak till one day a gleam of sunshine drew her to the surface.

The world lay very fair and white, and soon the keenness of the frost pierced from the heights of the sparkling stars—bright, innumerable points of light!

Fain would the frost recreate the stars of the sky on the faded grass-bents; on the gaunt arms of the winter forest!

So the Earth Spirit alone white, and clear, and diamond-like, saw around her the brilliance of the rime, herself a part thereof.

How great the beauty through the daytime while all was still, and the sun shone in such [illegible]ominousness without destroying the crystallization of the frost!

In the evening the fog rolled up over the world, and the Wind King came swaying and rushing, and tenderly he took up the Earth Spirit in the folds of his sweeping mantle, and bore her away and away over hill and dale as he went bustling along, and she, whirled and tossed aloft and afar, a soft, feathery snow-flake.

And her heart was quite calm and happy and at rest, and the Wind King bore her home.

She found herself lying peacefully and still in a fairer garden than the well-nigh forgotten one of the anemones, and forming part of a gently-curved spray in a crown of snow-wreath which lay along the land, a chrisom of sheeny white.

And with returning spring came the returning sun, and sent its delicate shafts with a message to the snow-flakes.

And they perceived the call of the sun, and heard the murmur of wide-waving [illegible].

And they knew it was the Wind King.

And the Wind King carried the Earth Spirit up and away, and she wore no longer her robe of snow; but it was changed to shining rays as she soared in freedom and joy on high, and mingled at last as light with the rays of the living sun.

Now while she had been with the snow-wreath she had heard as though someone whispered—

"There is the grave of the poet, and yonder is the grave of Irene."

But the words were meaningless to her; for not to Nature and Fantasy belong the mysteries of Humanity.

OBJECT LESSONS.—The following curious advertisement appeared in a native Indian paper:—"The Wonderful Python—These reptiles are made of horn and can be lengthened up to sixty inches. They are made expressly to teach children what hell is, and what it contains—as even an old man would be frightened at its sight. They are put in boxes measuring about 1½ inch. We would recommend parents to buy one for each of their children, as they are not only a toy, but a toy from which benefit may be derived: each annas 8, for half dozen Rs. 2-8, for one dozen Rs. 4-4.

Indulgent parents who allow the children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

SOME ISMS.

SO many are the religious beliefs of the world that the very termination *ism*, appended to the key-word of the doctrine, has become a lawful word and is given as a noun by Webster.

The termination originally signified a theory concerning, or belief in, the word to which they were appended, usually taken in a somewhat enlarged sense.

Thus Arminianism, a belief in Arminius and his doctrines; Atheism (from *a*, Greek without, *theos*, a god), a belief in being without a God; Buddhism, a belief in Buddha and his teachings; Calvinism, a belief in Calvin; Deism (from Latin *deus*, a god), a belief in a God; Fatalism, a belief in fatality; Materialism, a belief in matter and nothing else, as the *mater*, or mother of all things; Polytheism (from Greek *polus*, many, *theos*, a god), a belief in many gods; Pantheism (from Greek *pan*, all, and *theos*, god), a belief that all is God, etc., etc.

Confusion often arises in the minds of people ill-informed upon these matters. Thus the terms, "atheist" and "deist" are often used as if they meant the same thing when, in fact, they are as different as Jew and Greek.

Here is a brief definition of the leading points of several beliefs, that will tend to place the whole matter in a clearer light:

ATHEISM.—A disbelief in the existence of God.

An Atheist is a fool, for the Bible says: "The fool has said in his heart, 'There is no God.'"

And the reason why he says it in his heart is because said heart is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." If his head were level he would say nothing of the sort, for reason admits what God is, since his works declare him.

DEISM.—A belief in the existence of God, but a denial of revealed religion. A Deist is, therefore, an infidel. He often declares his belief in natural religion—that is, what man may discover by reason alone. Deism and Rationalism are twins.

POLYTHEISM.—A belief in the existence of many gods.

PANTHEISM.—A belief that the universe is God.

Spinoza was a Pantheist, and so was Hegel, a recent German philosopher "A strange belief, that leans its idiot back on folly's topmost twig."

UNITARIANISM.—A belief in the unity of God as opposed to the orthodox belief of a trinity in unity.

MATERIALISM.—A belief that there is nothing but matter in the universe. What we call mind and soul are to materialists only properties of matter. Of course materialists deny immortality to man. Death is annihilation of existence.

SPIRITUALISM, the opposite to materialism, originally was a belief that all matter is really spirit, and that therefore, the universe is only God's concreted thought. Latterly it means those who believe in intercourse with the spirit world. We suppose the witch of Endor was a Spiritualist.

FATALISM.—A belief that all events necessarily happen—that is, are ordained and cannot be altered.

MOHAMMEDANISM.—The doctrine of the Mussulmans, who believe in the unity of God and that Mohammed was his prophet. They are also fatalists.

CALVANISM.—The leading doctrines are original sin, particular election and reprobation, particular redemption, effectual grace in regeneration, and perseverance of the saints.

UNIVERSALISM.—A belief that all men will be finally saved.

BUDDHISM is not generally known to be the prevailing religion of the world, but its adherents are estimated at 400,000,000, or more than one-third of the human race. The tenets of Buddha, Prince Siddharta, Sakyamuni or Gautama, as the founder of this doctrine is variously called, are finely explained in Edwin Arnold's famous poem, "The Light of Asia."

He lived about 500 B. C., taught the transmigration of souls—that when a person dies he is at once born again, either as god, man, monkey, molehill, etc.; or is no earthly form, however degraded, would be sufficient punishment for the evils of his former life, he would be born in one of the 136 Buddhist hells in the interior of the earth, and there dwell, at least, 10,000,000 years.

Buddha's four sublime verities are as follows:

1. Pain exists.
2. The cause of pain is desire or attachment.
3. Pain can be ended by Nirvana.
4. The way to Nirvana—viz: right faith, right judgment, right language; right purpose, right practice, right obedience, right memory, and right meditation.

Nirvana is the Buddhist heaven, the highest good that can come to man, and is [illegible] not existence, but rest from pain but no better than annihilation, and essentially to [illegible].

Many books are dimes as plentiful as the leaves of the forest. Most of them, like falling leaves, have had their day.

THE London Lancet says no growing child should be made to sit still more than three-quarters of an hour. Did the Lancet ever see a growing child sit still three-quarters of a minute?

THE cost of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is only 25 cents. A bottle will convince even the most incredulous of its excellence.

New Publications.

"Two Kisses," by Hawley Smart, just published is a bright and snappy love story in fashionable life, and that it will charm every lady who reads it is certain. Cissy Hemsworth, Mrs. Paynter, and Bessie Stanbury divide attention and interest. They are women of entirely different types, Cissy being at first a careless widow and then an extravagant wife, Mrs. Paynter a confirmed flirt, and Bessie a marvel of innocence and purity. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The Manhattan Magazine steadily grows in distinction as in bulk of contents. A good engraving of Miss Ellen Terry as "Juliet," with the companion article on Henry Irving, open the November list of contents. Mr. Lathrop's poem to his dead boy, Francis Hawthorne Lathrop, "Come Not Again," is a very sweet and tender threnody. Dr. McCosh, in an admirable paper, deals sparingly with Carlyle. He writes of Carlyle's influence on the English language in no spirit of hero-worship, but sums up, for an epitaph, what seems to be very close to the final judgment: "Here lies one who gave force to the English tongue." "Lubke" is so well known to art students by his great "History of Italian Painting" that Mr. Corning's short biography will be found of much interest. The Professor of Art History in the Polytechnic and Art Schools of Stuttgart might well have been astonished to learn that his pupil, Mr. Corning, had lectured at Chautauqua, New York, to audiences of four to five thousand, exhibiting by a stereopticon the choice illustrations that explain the text to the clear view of every man, woman and child of those hearers. A greater contrast to the methods of the historian's own lecture room could hardly be imagined. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's serial, Beatrix Randolph, is continued, and Dr. Weir Mitchell contributes a gay "Conceit" among the poems in Balmagundi. Temple Court, New York.

Like all its predecessors *The Magazine of Art* for November is most attractive. Among the articles, nearly all richly illustrated with numerous engravings are Cupid's Hunting Ground; The Lower Thames; American Pictures at the Salon; Pictures of the Ring; Fashions for the Feet; Calais Gate; A Sculptor's Home; The story of a Phoenician Bowl; Comedy at Court; The Chronicle of Art; etc., etc. Every lover of art should be a subscriber to this splendid publication. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York. Price 35 cents per number.

The twenty-seventh volume of *The Century Magazine* has begun with a number of extraordinary interest and promise, which should result in substantially increasing the circulation of this justly popular periodical. We have not the space to go exhaustively through its table of contents. Only the most prominent articles can be mentioned, and from them the quality of the others may be inferred. Charles Dudley Warner contributes the opening paper. Its subject is The Bull Fight, of which Mr. Warner gives a graphic but very unfavorable description. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has a critical and appreciative paper on Winslow Homer's pictures, of whose work in England she gives a very interesting account. Some racy sketches From a California Mountain are contributed by Robert Louis Stevenson, and John Burroughs has one of his characteristic papers on Nature in England. A brief account of Tourgueneff in Paris is by Algernon [illegible], and [illegible] descriptive account of the [illegible] by J. D. Osborne, with [illegible] and [illegible] of Lord [illegible]. A new story by Mr. Sevier, is opened by George W. Cable. The Bronze-winners is continued, and Henry James begins the Impressions of a Cousin. The Century Co. New York.

St. Nicholas for November is the first number of a new volume, and is full of promise of good things for the coming year. Louisa M. Alcott has the first half of a bright story called Sophie's Secret; J. T. Trowbridge contributes a biographical sketch of Captain Mayne Reid, whose serial story, In the Land of Fire, begins in the Christmas issue. (Mr. Reid died suddenly only a day or two before this issue of *St. Nicholas* appeared.) Frank R. Stockton begins one of his inimitable fairy tales; and then appropriate to the Thanksgiving season is a down-east sketch by Hezekiah Butterworth, called A thanksgiving Dinner that Flew away; while E. S. Brooks, in The Little Lord of the Manor, writes of the final evacuation of New York by the British just one hundred years ago. Edward W. Tuffly has an instructive article on The Ocean of the Stars and Stripes. W. O. Stoddard begins a serial story, Winter Fun, and there is a Christmas play called Among the Pines. Several other sketches, a varied assortment of verses, jingles, etc., with a great many pictures, complete the number. The Century Co., New York.

THE ANT AT HOME.—The Occident ant of the American plains lives in a house a foot high surrounded by a circular "clearing," and closes its gates every night with the utmost regularity.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice, enabling public speakers to speak clearly and with ease. If people who are troubled with colds would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both hearers and speakers.

Our Young Folks.

THE STOLEN TRIP.

BY PIPKIN.

"THEM b'ys of the captain's be the worst b'ys in the country!"

This sentiment, uttered in an irritable mood by old Saunders of Shorehaven, pretty accurately expressed a general feeling when the "captain's" four boys were at home for the holidays.

They were "pickles:" at least, Max and Jack and Harry were.

Little Will, who was delicate and petted, and a little peevish, and who had pretty fair hair and a pale face, generally escaped the censure, though, to say the truth, he struggled to imitate his elder brothers in all their pranks.

They had no mother.

Their father, who managed some property for a relation of his, and who was a busy man, left them a great deal to themselves, and understood very little about them.

He made them obey him when he chose, and was severe on mean and cowardly faults—which, indeed, the boys themselves generally avoided—but he believed in their roughing it, and looking after themselves.

So they ran wild in the holidays, and worried the village, and especially old Saunders, whose cottage on the cliff was a favorite resort of theirs.

Shorehaven people were kindly, lazy, untidy folks.

There were only two fishing-boats besides the Sally that ever went out, and a few heavy tubs that were used for throwing out lobster-pots.

The fishermen sold a good many lobsters at the nearest seaside town.

It was the beginning of August and sultry weather, rather threatening of thunder-storms—lazy weather the stoopy people of the village seemed to find it; but nothing diminished the restless ardor and unwearied energy of the Halliday boys, who ran and shouted and wrestled, and tumbled about as if it were winter.

It was breakfast-time, and while the captain read his letters at his mutton chop the four boys chattered and squabbled, and took porridge to their hearts' content.

The captain, a sun-burnt, grey-haired, resolute-looking elderly man, did not often talk to them, but this morning he looked up from a letter, and said—

"Your Uncle Phil has got home.

"He landed at Plymouth yesterday."

The four loud young voices all cried out at once:—

"Oh, how jolly!

"Is he coming here?"

"No," said Captain Halliday, shaking his head.

"He can't leave Plymouth. He's only there for three weeks.

"He wants me to take you all over there for a visit."

"Oh, father!

"And will you?

"Can we go?"

Again the head was resolutely shaken.

"I can't, my lads.

"I've got to go on Monday to Dawlish to meet my Cousin Murray on business.

"I shall be there some days; perhaps a week.

"And after that I'm busy. It's impossible, but I'm sorry.

"Perhaps I may run over for a day before he leaves."

"Then, shan't we see him?"

All the four faces were dismal now.

"I'm afraid not this time.

"He'll be over at Christmas, and come here."

"Christmas!

"That's no fun—no boating, no riding, no anything."

"I can't help it.

"You must put up with disappointments.

"Buddies, lads, your reports were none so good this term to deserve extra treats."

The captain was sorry for the boys' disappointment, but he did not show it.

And now they sulked during the rest of breakfast-time, and afterwards drew together to grumble and rebel.

"It's a great shame!" said Max, vigorously.

"A great bore!" sighed Harry and Jack; and Will whined.

"Can't we manage it somehow, after all?" added Max, the ringleader of all plots.

"How?" cried the others.

"Got any money?"

All three heads were shaken mournfully together.

"Only in that old bank, which we cannot break.

"Else we might have paid our own railway fares."

"Let's get old Saunders to take us in the Sally," cried Jack Jack. The others hailed the idea rapturously.

"So all we ask father?"

No.

"He's cross.

"He wouldn't let us.

"We'll go on Monday after he's off."

"He will be very angry," Jack said, half timidly.

Will looked alarmed.

"Of course he will," Max returned recklessly, his wildest and most rebellious mood uppermost; "but who cares for a caning?"

"I do," whimpered little Will.

Max was always kind to Will; he put his arm round his shoulder.

"Oh he never cares you, Willy.

"We'll have an extra dose.

"It's worth it.

"Think of Uncle Phil at Plymouth; and he asked us."

So no sooner was Captain Halliday off on Monday morning than the four conspirators rushed off to old Saunders.

At the first glance, the perverse old man was [illegible] this glorious August weather, with rheumatism.

So they knew well enough what his answer would be when they asked him boldly to take them to Plymouth on the Sally.

He gave them an indignant refusal, wondering what "they b'ys would be asking next!"

"Well, let us take the Sally ourselves.

"You know Jack and I can manage her," was Master Max's next cool request.

This roused old Saunders with greater force.

He scolded them all round, and ordered them off that very moment.

They went away whispering, and it was then that he pronounced the verdict on them I have spoken of.

* * * * * * *

In the grey early morning of the following day four figures cautiously stole down to the sleeping beach, each laden with goods and chattels, and only speaking in whispers.

The four guilty conspirators had agreed to board the Sally, and steal off with her.

The sea was as calm as a lake.

An alarm-clock [illegible] under the keel of the little boat as they loosed it, got aboard, and glided away from the pier.

"There's no wind; we'll have to row," said Captain Max, and two boys seized an oar.

Max was at the helm; Will sat and did nothing.

The approaching sunrise reddened the coast behind the chalk headland.

The boys looked up at old Saunders' cottage on the cliff.

To their slight dismay, they saw the familiar figure of the old man standing there watching them; they had thought him in bed.

Old Saunders in a moment recognized his boat, and saw what had been done.

He was very angry for a while, and stormed and raved at them.

Then, as he quieted down and watched the brown sail hoist, he reflected that they knew how to manage well enough, that the sea was as calm as a pond, and that Captain Halliday would have to pay for the use of his boat.

So he hobbled in back to his cottage.

To say the truth, he had got up to look at the weather, with some idea of indulging the boys.

Meanwhile, the boat had met a light breeze as the sun rose.

Captain Max gave his orders in a sailor-like [illegible]

"Ease off the [illegible]!"

"Keep away!"

"Shift the foresail!"

Meanwhile, toward afternoon the day suddenly changed.

Old Saunders, who was watching the sky with secret anxiety, foresaw the coming storm.

About twelve the blue sky was more than half obscured by clouds.

An ominous bank of indigo was slowly and majestically rising in the east.

The wind rose and [illegible].

"There'll be a storm," said old Saunders uneasily to himself.

"If it's squally and catches them b'ys out at sea, I don't like to think what may happen.

"And the captain out o' reach!"

* * * * * * *

About three the thunder began to mutter, and a shrill and moaning wind accompanied it.

The sea looked dark and livid, the indigo bank of cloud had risen high, and every patch of blue was gone.

Great drops plashed on the old man's sou'-wester as he stood on the cliff with an aching heart and watched the rising storm, which grew fiercer and fiercer.

Then it passed over, and left the sky blue again.

"Oh, that the lads may be safe!" moaned the solitary old man.

"But if they be gone and drowned like my poor boy, I'll lay my old head in the grave.

"'Twould kill the captain!"

In the bright evening the old man saw the sail of a fishing-boat round the headlands.

He took up his telescope in his trembling hand, and looked out in a sudden hope.

No!

He dropped it in despair.

The Sally's sail was brown, this was white.

It was not a Shorehaven fishing-boat, but a Plymouth yacht.

He groaned aloud.

The white-sailed yacht was making for Shorehaven.

She got nearer, and as he gazed it seemed to him as if one of the figures in her were waving something.

He raised the glass again and looked.

He was almost sure he recognized the [illegible]

Surely, surely—he hardly dared to hope—but surely it looked like Max!

The yacht was making for the little pier.

He could not wait, but grasping a boat-hook, he hobbled down, and was at the pier as the yacht hauled in.

He sobbed out a half-angry, half-rejoicing welcome when he saw who the crew were.

Yes, there they were—pale, subdued.

Will was carried out half fainting—Saunders took him tenderly, and clasped him to his rough jersey.

Max followed, looking strangely unlike his bold saucy self.

Harry was crying, Jack hanging his head.

The owner of the yacht, a Plymouth gentleman, hastily told the story of the rescue.

"I believe these boys made off with your boat.

They paid dearly for their freak, I can tell you.

"The boat was upset—is quite a wreck.

"I picked them up.

"Most fortunately they were clinging to the oars.

"I must say this young 'pickle' here"—patting Max on the shoulder—"behaved most pluckily.

"He saved the little one.

"Take them home.

"I can't stay.

"Here's my card for their father.

"I hear the young rascals were going to Plymouth.

"I know their uncle, Philip Murray."

Max looked up bravely, but not defiantly.

"Thank you, sir, for saving our lives.

"Saunders, I'm very sorry.

"We've got fifty dollars each in the bank.

"You shall have a new boat. We ought not to [illegible]

[illegible]

Somehow with [illegible] honest lips, when he found his young [illegible] in bed, the three others frankly penitent, and offering to take any punishment he chose, he could not punish them; he could do nothing but thank God that he had his four boys still round him, and had not been left desolate.

Saunders had his new boat, and the boys had to give up their coveted pony; but they did not forget the storm at sea, and, in spite of all, grew up to be good men and true.

A GERANIUM SLIP.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"MAMMA, what are you doing?" asked Willie, looking at his mother as she filled a little [illegible]

"I am going to plant a [illegible]

"Oh," said Willie, "what for?"

"[illegible]," said mamma, "and then next summer I shall have ever so many of those pretty red flowers you liked so much in Aunt Fannie's garden."

"Yes," said Willie.

"If you plant things, they always grow, and you always get a good many more of them."

"Yes," said mamma, thinking of geraniums.

Then the pot was placed in the sunny window, and every morning Willie peeped into it with a queer, solemn look, as though a new mystery had dawned upon him.

One day he asked mamma for a little flower-pot of his own, and having obtained it, he placed it carefully beside the other, and took to peeping into that with even more solemnity.

One day a few weeks after, papa came home with tickets for the opera in his pocket.

Of course one wears one's very best to the opera, and mamma went to her room to attire herself in hers.

But when the dress was on, and the gloves and the white cloak and cloud at hand, the finishing touch, the diamond pin and earrings were not to be found.

Someone had taken them from their velvet casket in a room which was seldom, if ever left alone.

Mamma was not rich and these were valuable possessions.

Naturally there was much search and [illegible], and the whole evening was [illegible] a great degree, for not only the loss, but the mystery of it, weighed upon the lover's mind.

It could not be supposed that a faithful old nursemaid could be guilty, and the cook never came upstairs.

Who had been in the house?

A ne'er-do-well cousin of the family, who had paid a visit of some weeks when out of business, and a young dressmaker.

It was so terrible to suspect anyone, but a [illegible] thief would not have taken the [illegible] and left a [illegible] pot, [illegible] heading the [illegible] be solved the mystery.

There were inquiries made, hints thrown out that would have led any repentant purloiner to restore the lost jewels.

But nothing came of them.

And as they were too valuable to lose, serious measures were at last taken to discover the real thief.

A detective was employed, and he, a grave serious man, with an acute eye and a deep voice, after a prolonged interview with papa declared that he thought he could put his finger on the person.

A few days after, he returned with the information that he had put his finger on the man, and that it only remained to prove what he had done with them.

"It's that cousin of yours, young Noakes" he said.

"He's got a bill for cigars here, and for wine there.

"He's running about with a dressy young girl to all sorts of places of amusement. The little dress maker wears an alpaca to church, and no woman would steal diamonds and do that.

"Her father and mother are poor, with plenty to live on, and she's engaged to a young carpenter.

"Cook hasn't a relation. The nurse girl don't know what diamonds are worth. It's your cousin."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said mamma. "I thought Noakes was wild, but I had no idea he was wicked. Really I can't believe it now."

"When a young man is wild, you can expect anything of him," said the detective. "And I suppose, as it's in the family, you'd like it hushed up? Just want the things back, nothing else."

"Certainly," said papa.

"Certainly," said mamma.

"Poor Jack! how would his mother feel, if she were alive to know it? I shall tell him that."

"Not a word to him," said the detective. "You see, of course, he'd deny it; and you'd never be sure who took them. You couldn't bring it home.

"I don't think they are sold yet. The young woman probably will undertake that.

"I have my eye on her. She's followed wherever she goes."

"This is terrible!" said mamma.

"Terrible! terrible!" said papa. "No, we'll not punish poor Jack; only of course my wife wants her diamonds. They were her father's wedding present to her. Poor John Noakes!"

Late in the evening the detective called for funds and to mention that the young woman had been seen on Noakes' arm peeping into a jeweller's window.

"It is growing quite expensive—the detective business," said papa. "I really can't see why I shouldn't just speak to Jack myself.

"If he has them, he'll hand them over to me, and no more need be said about it. I am as sure he is guilty as the detective is."

At breakfast time the detective called again.

He had begun to doubt that the girl had anything to do with the matter.

Noakes had kept his secret.

"Have you told him that you have missed the diamonds?" he asked.

"Yes," said mamma.

"Oh, really I feel sure he is innocent.

"I want to find my diamonds, of course; but——"

"Mamma," piped Willie, "don't bother about your diamonds.

[illegible]

"[illegible]" cried mamma.

"I ought not to talk before him."

"And so mamma must not bother about her diamonds?" said papa.

"No; she'll have plenty more," said Willie.

"How, my dear?" asked the detective.

"I know," said Willie.

"It's a secret."

"That child know something about those jewels," said the detective.

"Now, my little man, who took your mamma's diamonds out of her room?" he asked.

"Nobody took 'em. Oh, mamma, I meant to s'prise you."

"To surprise me?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Don't you know you told me if anyone had heaps and heaps of diamonds, they'd be rich?

"Well, you told me if I planted things, they'd grow, and you'd have plenty."

"Yes, dear.

"And so I planted your diamonds in my flower pot, but they haven't come up yet.

"When they do you'll have a diamond tree and be ever so rich."

The secret was out.

In a few minutes the detective had the pleasure of investigating the depths of Willie's flower-pot and bringing out the jewels; and Noakes wondered why his cousins were so excessively polite to him when next they met; for, though the [illegible] of the flower-pot was revealed [illegible] never knew that he had had a detective at his heels for four weeks.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—Store away a few bushels of dry road dust for the hens to dust in next winter. Give them enough of it and have it entirely dry, so they can "make the dust fly" all through the hen house and over the roosts and fill the cracks, and the lice must move out. This does not sound quite as nice as soapsuds, carbolic acid, kerosene, perfect cleanliness, &c., but it is more practical and more likely to be done on a farm where washing hen-roosts is not the main business. Dust is also good to sprinkle on young stock, it should be carried and brushed out of the hair after the vermin have left.

A CITY'S NAME.—Deadwood, the city of the Black Hills, takes its name from a peculiar incident. A certain man lost his wife, and ordered a first-class funeral. At the proceedings a piece of the coffin was chipped off and handed to the host and as a relic. When afterward the man was sued for his bill, he produced the piece of wood with the exclamation: "I've got the dead wood on you. It's not rosewood, as you have charged me, but pine."

PITTSFORD, MASS., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.

MRS. J. W. TUTTLER.
Sec. *Women's Christian Temperance Union.*

GENIUS.

BY MRS. MARY B. HAIL.

Imperial genius, great and grand thou art,
Standing from other lives so wide apart—
The modest veil that drapes your glowing face,
Cannot conceal the mastery of your grace.
Oh! genius, where the mellow sunlight streams,
And weaves of golden thread a jeweled crown,
And where the holiest star of evening gleams,
There, at thy shrine, I bow in silence down.

And when the lark repeats the chorus of the spring,
And dips in heaven's own blue, his fearless wing,
Till rising thus, above the earth born throng,
He wakes the world with his immortal song.
Around thy brow a halo light is there,
Which makes thy face, than angel's face more fair.
Then in thy soul, I hear the thought waves throb,
And know thou art a protot /pe of God.

And when I hear the rippling song of June,
A wildwood harp, with every string in tune,
When every budding flower is all a thrill
With melody which none but June can trill;
And drowsy bees, in minor monotone,
Kiss the queen lily on her virgin throne,
Oh! then proud genius, at thy sovereign feet—
I find the balm that makes earth life complete.

And when, at hush of golden summer day
I see the crimson slowly drift away,
And purple clouds and clouds of amber hue
Sail like good ships across the ethereal blue;
And from the censers of the sleeping flowers
Sweet perfumes rise, to charm the evening hours,
Oh! then loved genius, kneeling at thy shrine,
I know the power that blends with life divine.

DEATH BY CRUCIFIXION.

THE term "crucifixion" was a general one. All modes of execution were termed crucifixions by the ancients. Thus, when the Persian Haman was hanged, the custom was borrowed from the Babylonians, and termed a crucifixion. But the earliest example of crucifixion on record is that of Pharoah's chief baker.

Herodotus states that Darius "crucified" three thousand Babylonians, though it is by no means probable that very many of them were actually placed upon a cross. So, also, when the robber Sinnis bent two pine trees to the ground, and to the interlacing portion bound his victim, the trees were then unbound, and, springing back, the victim was dismembered. This also was termed a crucifixion, as was also that inflicted upon Prometheus, on Caucasus, and Andromeda.

The Greeks seldom resorted to crucifixion; the Carthaginians never. But the Romans were most artistic in carrying out this form of punishment.

Pliny writes that Tarquinius Priscus invented it, and that it came into use between 100 years and 200 years B. C. The culprit was entirely at the mercy of the executioner; the judge, having pronounced judgment, was never present when the sentence was carried into effect.

In Rome all culprits who were slaves were crucified, as were also traitors and insurgents. The specific charge which made Pilate order Jesus Christ to be crucified was the accusation of insurrection made against him, and Pilate hoped that, by killing the Jewish Messias in the most ignominious manner, he would therefore obliterate the most dangerous Jewish doctrine.

The most primitive form seems to have been an upright tree, to which the victim was either bound or nailed. In Esdras vi., 11, it is ordered that "if any whosoever shall alter this commandment, a beam be taken from his house and set up, and he be nailed upon it, and his house be confiscated."

Titus had no time to add a horizontal beam when crucifying five hundred Jews a day for months. He simply drove a pole into the ground, to which the victim was lashed and left to die.

Slaves were generally punished by having a "furca" (fork) slipped over their necks, to which their arms were tied, and this was hoisted to the top of a pole and secured there by a rope fitting into a groove. This device evidently suggested the more recent cross, to save time, and as being more artistic.

It was usual to nail the hands, but to bind the feet. It is erroneous to suppose that a single spike secured both feet to the cross, one foot in front of the other. A spike was driven through each foot, sometimes to a support fixed on the cross just beneath the planter surface of the feet. Additional cruelty was sometimes practised by the victim being seated on a spike or "horn," (Justin, Martyr), though at times a piece of wood was so placed that he might rest on it.

The nails, aided by intense heat, soon produced gangrene. Although the culprit writhed in agony for some time, it is doubtful whether any long-continued activity of the body could be maintained. The weight of the intestines, gravitating downwards, produced intussusception. The circulation was impeded, the viscera pressing on the veins. The lungs could not be emptied. Insects got into the eyes, nose, ears and wounds. At nightfall the bones of the legs of those still living were broken, ostensibly to hasten death, but in reality to gratify the spectators.

Death generally resulted from gangrene of wounds, displacement of viscera, regurgitation of blood through the valves of the heart, pericarditis, and paralysis of heart and lungs. "In many cases death was accelerated by hunger and thirst, the vicissitudes of heat and cold, or the attacks of ravenous birds and beasts, and in others designedly accelerated by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones, or piercing the vital organs."

According to Origen, Timotheus, and Hara, a married pair who suffered about the year 286, under Diocletian, remained for nine days and nights on the cross, exhorting each other, and expired upon the tenth day.

By order of the Emperor Maximilian, in the year 297, seven Christians at Simosata were subjected to long and varied tortures; three of them were taken down from the cross while yet alive, and the Emperor, hearing of this, ordered huge nails to be driven into their heads.

Grains of Gold.

A mean man is always sure to gloss his faults.

The church is God's angelic messenger to the race.

Nothing good is ever effected without perseverance.

Truth and confidence are the only basis on which we can rest.

So long as we live in this world we cannot be without trouble.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

The utility of virtue is so plain that the unprincipled feign it from policy.

If you would learn self-mastery, begin by yielding yourself to One Great Master.

Pray for patience; every day will bring something that will call for its exercise.

To what atrocities cannot that mind reach who is impelled by selfish avarice.

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

Errors, like straws upon the surface flow; he that would search for pearls, must dive below.

In this wild world, the fondest and the best are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.

Divine love is a sacred flower, which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.

We should never have enemies, if for no other reason, because it is so hard to behave towards them as we ought.

Atheism is the result of pride and ignorance, of strong sense and feeble reasons, of good-eating and ill-living.

Foolishness rushes into publicity to draw attention, while intelligence modestly keeps in the background to observe.

The mind profits by the wreck of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

The man that works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

There are few men so obstinate in their atheism whom a pressing danger will not reduce to an acknowledgment of the divine power.

There is but one road to lead us to God—humility. All other ways would only lead astray, even were they fenced in with all virtues.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground, but there is some heart to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

The lightsome countenance of a friend giveth such an inward decking to the house where it lodgeth, as proudest palaces cause to envy the gilding.

A man can no more protect himself against the influence of evil company than he can dive into a barrel of tar and come out perfectly unsoiled.

You never read God's word to profit but as it teaches you to pray while you read. You go nowhere in a spirit of safety, but as you go in a spirit of prayer.

Be determined, if possible, never to injure the feelings or tastes of any one, and cultivate earnestly the most graceful way of expressing kind actions.

To some people religion is like the fresh air, which it is always a delight to breathe, and to others it is like a blue pill, which one takes because he must.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will; and blessed are the horny hands of toil.

Femininities.

A young lady lately had occasion to inform a young gentleman that her hand was not a lemon.

An Iowa woman, who wants to sleep under the stars has spent seven years in embroidering the solar system on a quilt.

A New Jersey woman waded out and pulled in her husband, who was drowning. As usual, she grabbed him by the hair.

A young man died of heart disease while asking his sweetheart to marry him. No timid damsel was ever known to perish during a crisis of this kind.

"Is there anything wrong in kissing?" he asked her, as they stood together at the gate. "Certainly," she replied, "or there wouldn't be any fun in it."

There is a woman in Rosedale, N. Y., who claims that she did not know it was unlawful to have two husbands. Such innocence ought to be rewarded.

A Montreal woman has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for beating her husband. That's business. There is evidently a chance for husbands yet.

The economical side of a woman's character shines forth with radiance when she succeeds in fastening an eighteen-inch belt around a twenty-two-inch waist.

The only drawback which many a deserted husband finds to the felicity of having his wife elope with another man, is that she did not take her mother with her.

Large sums are occasionally paid for young and handsome Chinese women, but the average quotations in the San Francisco market range from $20 to $1,500 a head.

A curious breach of promise suit is brought by a Maine woman against her divorced husband, who thought he would marry her again, and then thought he wouldn't.

There are no nice little stories about the return of the "Prodigal Daughter." The son can return and have the finest veal served up for him, but the daughter must stay away.

A sagacious Ohio lady is pasting in her scrap book all the comments of the opposition press about her husband, who is a candidate for office. In time of peace prepare for war.

"Which do you like best, your father or your mother?" inquired a visitor of a little chubby fist. "Oh, I like ma the best. She spanks me with the soft side of her hand; pa uses a stick."

Among the current religious jokes is one that mentions a young lady who, on finding that her finding that her dear dresses, jewelry, etc., were dragging her down to hades, gave them all to her sister.

"What are you laughing at my dear?" asked Mrs. Jones of her husband, who was chuckling over his morning paper. "Something I saw here," he replied; "but it's hardly funny enough for two."

Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." We differ with Ralph. Now, we know of a perfectly healthy red-headed woman—well, she just is, and no mistake about it.

To please the ladies, the Methodists of Canada have dropped the word "obey" from their marriage service. They probably concluded that to drop it would be to reduce the percentage of prevarication, anyhow.

A married flirt was so enraptured with a lady at a fancy ball that he offered her $10 to unmask. She accepted the offer, saying: "Now your wife can pay the servant's back wages." It was his mother-in-law.

Quin, being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, replied: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

In a Brooklyn court, a few days ago, a young lady who was prosecuting a young man for breaking his word with her after promising marriage, testified that they had, by actual count, exchanged 35,000 kisses by mail.

An exchange says sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. That would seem to be the correct thing, as it is courting the daughter which robs so many people from their rightful quota of sleep.

It is said that at a recent Boston wedding the six ushers were chosen from rejected suitors of the bride. It was a graceful act to give the successful suitors an opportunity to witness the life-punishment inflicted upon their successful rival.

There was company to supper, the table was set out splendidly and all were enjoying themselves exceedingly, when the pet of the house unfortunately whispered: "Ma, why don't you have this sort of supper when there isn't any company?"

The difficulty of expressing one's self in a foreign language is illustrated by the remark of a German girl who went to see a fine baby boy, and in endeavoring to express her admiration, said: "Oh, my, what a nice fat babee! How very fat she is don't he?"

Statistics show that New York eats $5,000,000 worth of oysters a year, Philadelphia $3,500,000 worth, and Boston $1,750,000. This statement indicates, to a certain extent, that Boston girls don't care very much for oysters so long as they can get lectures.

A little girl sat down on the floor, crying. After a while she stopped, and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly, she said, "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "Oh, yes;" and she began crying again.

A coquette came out of a perfumers loaded with purchases. "You have renewed your provision," said a rival. "Don't speak of it: I have quite ruined myself! I have bought a thousand things I do not need—among others, six tooth-brushes." "Ah, indeed—one for each tooth," said the other, sweetly.

News Notes.

Milk is ten cents a quart in Brooklyn.

A Maryland farmer makes watermelon vinegar.

Champagne lemonade is a new tipple for luncheon.

Oregon has a newspaper called the Long-Felt Want.

Lock Haven has a two-headed, four-horned calf.

A Boston poet rhymes "whacked if" with "attractive."

A Muskegon, Mich., youth has married his uncle's widow.

Certain large London establishments furnish their lady customers with a cup of tea.

The very latest fashion in dinner-plates is square in shape, beautifully hand-painted.

The young husband of the ancient Baroness Burdett-Coutts owns 70 fishing smacks.

Buffalo, N. Y., has a mule that has been towing on the Erie canal since 1856, and has not lost a day.

One hundred and eleven corner loungers were arrested in one precinct in New York city last week.

Malaria does not get hold of the Pintes. They never pitch their camps on the banks of a river.

Mrs. Langtry says she has "caught up lots of American slang, and very good slang it is, too."

A Maine paper complains of the extent to which gambling is carried on in the cities of that State.

A Nevada negro has seen a pair of drumsticks in the sun, and predicts war and oceans of blood.

An Austrian inventor has made a torpedo that will pulverize a regiment attempting to walk over it.

Exeter, according to a New Hampshire paper, has a student who boards himself at a cost of 14 cents a day.

A dog in Washington county, O., cured himself of a rattlesnake bite by burying himself up to the ears in mud.

On some plantations near Montgomery, Ala., water for drinking purposes is hauled a distance of three miles.

Prof. Forbes, of England, mentions that the Irish are superior in height, strength and weight to the Scotch and English.

Four years ago an Indianapolis man lost a dog, and and he is still running a three-line advertisement offering $2 reward.

Rats undermined a Florida store to such an extent that five cartloads of bricks have been required to renew the foundation.

In Dewitt county, Texas, a local paper says a live snake, twelve inches long, without eyes, was found imbedded in a solid rock.

Public seats, in convenient corners and by space in the streets, are asked for as a public boon for fatigued pedestrians in Liverpool.

The New York State Board of Charities has recommended that all orphan asylums in the State shall teach their girl charges how to cook.

The Health Department of Chicago sends an officer armed with a shotgun to the stockyard of that city with orders to shoot such cattle as he finds diseased.

An ex-conductor of a Boston street car company has started a conscience fund by returning to the company $200 for fares that his bell-punch never registered.

Conductors on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway are provided with medicines and surgical instruments, with illustrated directions for their use in case of accident.

A heedless swallow impaled itself on the point of a lightning-rod on a Stoughton, Conn., church recently, and the bird's body still remains stuck on the pointed rod.

Dogs recently guarded a sheep-herder in Woodland, Cal., so well that the town constable, who wanted to arrest him, had to wait until the man was sober enough to call the dogs off.

At Port Jervis he who has a fancy for it, may, at low water, stand on a rock in the river with one foot in New York, the other in Pennsylvania, and touch with his hand New Jersey.

Milan township, Macon county, Ill., boasts that it has no river, no timber, no judge, no preacher, no doctor, no lawyer, no drunkard, no idiot, no pauper, no city, no village, no railroads and no tramps.

Missionaries among the savages living near Lake Tanganyika are having a hard time. The natives worship water sprites, and missionaries are preferred as objects of watery sacrifice to any other style of victim.

Willie Lyons, of Des Moines, Ia., while playing with the works of a clock, applied his tongue to the cogs after he had started the wheels. The tongue was drawn in, and boy and clock were inseparable until a jeweler arrived on the scene and took the wheels apart.

I WAS TRAVELING LATELY IN THE JUNGLE, and the constant exposure to extreme heat and dampness, followed by chilly nights, brought on a severe Cold, which quite destroyed my voice for a few days, and then settled into a hard Cough. I procured a bottle of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant as soon as possible, and it gave me immediate relief, and soon removed the distressing symptoms. One of my friends who had been suffering with a Cough and severe pain in her Lungs, was persuaded to try the Expectorant, and after taking less than half a bottle, found herself quite well. We believe Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines are the most valuable that have ever been introduced into Burmah.—Rosa Adams Bailey, of the Baptist Mission, Rangoon, Burmah.

NEW AMERICAN CHARACTERS.

A LONDON paper says: The Americans of the United States are rapidly revolving new human types with appropriate names.

About the dude every one knows all that can be said.

The dude is recognized as a "masher" (also, we fondly hope, an American word), without the lordly and arrogant bearing of the proud youths in singular collars.

The business of the dudes is to reduce democratic society to a sad, well bred level.

The natural good spirits of the race demand to be tamed and chastened, and the dude chastens them.

He behaves in America like the highly well-born people at home who are too pure and proper ever to see any fun in anything, who think wit vulgar and humor "bad taste." Struggling against the American dude society (not in its higher strata) has developed the "whooper-up."

The duty of the whooper-up is to prevent the gayety of nations from being eclipsed by the dude.

At present the whooper-up only practices in music halls "and places where they sing" and smoke.

If the fun lags the office of the whooper-up is to stimulate excitement, inflame the spirit of revelry and banish gloomy thoughts.

Not the most delicate but the most efficient means are selected by the whooper-up, who is often a lady dowered by nature with high spirits and the gift of song.

At this sad moment, when we are all so "susceptible," when the Chinese and Annamites and people of the Congo and the Hovas are all involved in gloom, the whole world needs an international whooper-up.

At home we have a social whooper-up, whom we kindly lent the Americans, but he seems unequal to the occasion.

Many a party in the season that has waned sadly required the services of a whooper-up with a cheerful manner, a stock of new stories and a proper contempt for well-bred "dreariness."

A literary, whooper-up is sadly needed by most of our contemporary novelties, whose volumes are deficient in gayety.

The city has long pined for a commercial whooper-up, and, in fact, life needs to be whooped-up in all its departments.

The other fresh American type is less remarkable—the bouncer. One might suppose that a bouncer was a noisy braggart; but no. A scientific writer describes the bouncer as a "silent, strong man." Every one who mixes much in society in Whitechapel will understand the functions of the bouncer when we explain that he is merely the English "chucker-out."

When the whooper-up has been somewhat too successful—when liberty verges on license and gayety on wanton delirium, the bouncer selects the gayest of the gay, and—bounces him.

He does it, we learn, with the utmost delicacy and gentleness, as a parent, more in sorrow than anger, might bounce an erring child.

To "bounce" is simply to prevail on persons whose mirth interferes with the general enjoyment to withdraw from society which they embarrass rather than adorn.

The bouncer almost invariably uses gentle means and moral persuasion.

He bounces the erring "as if he loved them."

His reputation for strength and silence is so great that no one cares to resist the bouncer, and the boldest hold their breath and let themselves be bounced without a murmur.

To the political philosopher it may well seem as if Europe needed a bouncer.

Prince Bismarck has once performed the office with firmness, and may be relied on, perhaps, in certain circumstances, to correct the too exuberant members of international society.

TRUE PURITY.—Purity is not abstinence from outward deeds of profligacy alone. It is not a mere recoil from impurity of thought. It is the quick sensitive delicacy to which the very conception of evil is offensive. It is a virtue which has its residence within, which takes guardianship of the heart as of a citadel or individual sanctuary, in which no wrong or worthless imagination is permitted to dwell. It is no purity of action that we contend for, it is exalted purity of heart, the ethereal purity of heaven; and if it is at once settled in the heart, it gives the peace, the triumph and the serenity of heaven along with it. There is a health and harmony in the soul, a beauty which thought it effloresces in the countenance and the deportment, is itself so thoroughly internal as to make a purity of heart the most distinctive guidance of character that is ripening and expanding for the glories of eternity.

ENTERPRISING burglars some time ago successfully "burgled" the summer residence of the Czar, at Peterhof.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Humorous.

Ballot girls—Female voters.

The . for putting the : has , gain.

A regular kidnapper—Soothing syrup.

Never known to get tired—Outstanding debts.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

It is supposed that the man who left the house was not able to take it with him.

A poker-player sometimes has to call on his uncle in order to get money with which to support his ante.

If any merchant doubts the efficacy of advertising, let him put a two-line notice in a local paper, stating that he wants to buy a dog.

Of course clothes don't make the man, but turn him loose in the streets without any, and see if any one will speak to him but a policeman.

A pious old gentleman told his son not to go, under any circumstances, a-fishing on the Sabbath; but if he did, by all means to bring home the fish.

Some unknown person attempted to break into the editor's house recently, but discovered his mistake, and escaped before the editor could rob him.

Why still suffer? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cure Heart Disease. Price, $1.; 6 for $5., by druggists.

Gratifying piece of news for the strong-minded sisterhood—A book of travels informs us that in some French inns the "maid servants are all men."

There is not a dude in Finland. "Finnish dudes," says the historian, "never live long enough to be completed. They are used for crab bait."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S "Address to Young Men," the "Morning Call" and other pamphlets which the Bryant & Stratton Business College of Philadelphia delivers free to all who call or write for them, contain much entertaining and instructive reading matter for young men and women.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 130 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

THE ORCHESTRION HARMONETTE.

The most wonderful Musical Instrument in the world. It combines best music and exercise. Novel in construction; elegant in design and decoration; powerful and melodious in effect; more notes and plays better than $3 Organettes. It plays any tune—dance, popular, or sacred—and a little child can operate it. A sheet strip of perforated paper represents the tune. Place the paper in the instrument, and turn the handle, when it will play the most perfectly. It contains many patented improvements, and is the most perfect musical instrument in the market. Price of Music, only 5 cents per foot. Music can be sent by mail at any time. This is the most beautiful and acceptable present that can be made to any one. It will furnish music for any occasion, and any one can play it. Price, $5. Special price to those wishing to act as our Agents, only $3.5. Sent by express on receipt of price. Address, MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., the great headquarters for all MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ORGANS & ORGANETTES, ARISTONS, TOURNAPHONES, CLARIONAS, etc. Get our Catalogue and prices before buying elsewhere. 37 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Golden Prize for 1884

Is now ready, and will be sent free to any one who wishes to become an agent, on receipt of a stamp for postage. The book contains numerous engravings, and such valuable information as every lady and gentleman ought to know. This book will also show you how to become the owner of many valuable articles without costing you a cent—such as Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Organs, Sewing Machines, all kinds of Silver Ware, &c. Address, F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

LADIES!

Neutro-Pilleno, only hair-removal known. Permanently dissolves superfluous hair, root and branch, in 5 minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury. Send 7 stamps for particulars. The UNIVERSITY CHEMICAL PREPARATION WORKS, 219 S. Sixth St., Philada. Pa.

80 CARDS BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 2p'ks. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

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READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 55 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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In Endless Variety of Beautiful Styles. Send 6c. stamps for samples. Yale Silk Works, New Haven, Ct.

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Given Away! "THE DUDE," a new imported set of cards, and 64 page picture book for three 2c. stamps. Presented to introduce other goods. Worth Bros., 728 Sixth St., N. Y.

An Old Soldier's
EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 8, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

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as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MUSIC
FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs,
-Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 726 Sansom Street,
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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PATENT Procured or no charge. 40 p. book patent-law free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 1206 F St., Washington, D.C.

Facetiæ.

Band of hope—An engagement ring.

Shut up for the season—The pepper-box.

Out of sight, out of "mind"—A disobedient child.

A wife is called a better half because a man had better half her than not half her.

An exchange has an elaborate article for amateur vocalists, "How to begin to sing." How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

In a graveyard near Paris there is this inscription upon a monument: "Here repose in peace, after sixty years of married life, Mr. and Mrs. Petit."

In writing an obituary, an exchange remarks, "Deceased is dead, and his place cannot be filled." Who wants to fill his place, we should like to know?

Diogenes infers from the fact that Marc Antony announced his mission was "to *bury* Cæsar, not to praise him," that he must have been an undertaker.

"Can anyone tell me what the wind whistles for?" asked a young man at a picnic. "It whistles for the leaves to dance by," demurely replied a young lady.

A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened its claws into his hair and scalp. "Well, what's the matter now, old woman?" said the assailed as he awoke.

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him, "Dear Friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."

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A certain sexton is very particular in giving name, age, sex, and previous condition of the people he buries. One entry reads "Died—Samuel Smith, male, aged three days, unmarried."

A daily paper publishes a pathetic article entitled, "A Sad Drowning," from which it may be inferred that the editor knows of some very cheerful drownings, if he would only unbosom himself.

A New Jersey woman lately wrote to the publisher to stop her paper, as she noticed it was "entered at the postoffice as second-class matter," whereas, she labored under the impression that she paid for a first-class paper.

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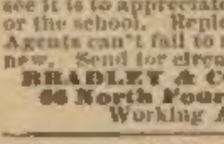

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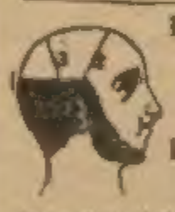

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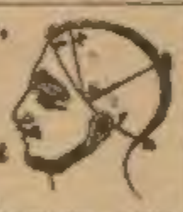

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IT is years since trimmings—that is to say fancy trimmings, different from the dress—have had the importance which they attain this season.

The new stuffs are all more or less heavy in texture and appearance, too much so to permit of self-trimmings having at all a good effect upon them.

Where light wools are in question a deep kilt or box-plaited flounce may be perfectly well used, and when thin taffetas or satin wraps, gathered flounces, pinked or cut into vine leaf.

Vandyke or dog-tooth points. But on the heaviest cloths, on embossed velvets and plushes, on brocaded satins, on satins brocaded with patterns done in jet, on velvets hollowed into spaces filled by large, single flowers whose brilliant hues stand out with a superb effect from the dark environing velvet—on all such materials a flat separate trimming, represented by embroidery, passementerie, ornaments—what the French call "motifs"—cordings, "fourrageres"—braiding, fringes, etc., becomes imperative.

Hence the variety in this line alluded to above.

Through all the range of these trimmings chenille is conspicuous.

Some of the richest and most effective embroideries consist largely of the soft, mossy stuff, with jet interwoven, or colored beads.

There are imported wraps of black satin and of velvet which are literally covered with this sort of chenille embroidery done in large arabesques and mixed with jet, while heavy fringes of chenille and jet passementerie, finish the whole.

The fronts of dresses of ceremony may be embroidered in the same way—ordial dresses with white chenille and seed pearls pale colored evening toilets with chenille and beads to match.

Then the fashionable net draperies are largely embroidered with chenille in glowing patterns, large and bold, which stand out most effectively against the satin or ottoman over which the net is thrown. Again, there are applique ornaments of chenille mixed with satin cord and jet, which can be used on rich-looking black costumes and correspond with the passementeries of that character.

And all this is repeated in all pale evening shades (except that then, instead of satin cord, there are flowers of silk wrought in) for trimming of elegant evening toilets.

Parisian dressmakers are contemplating using silver and gilt galloon in narrow widths as well as narrow velvet or satin ribbon for the trimming of evening dresses of tulle and plain gauze.

This carries us back many years, and will remind many women whose days of tulle and ball dresses are over of the times "lang syne," when they tripped through through the light fantastic measures of the dance in just such apparel.

The round decollette waist is there, short and basqueless, and gathered to a belt over which is carried a ribbon, and flounces manifold, with the little lines of color following their light, vaporous undulations, adorn the short skirt.

It would only now remain for the wearer to do her hair in two long curls, falling plaintively on either side her chignon, and to encase her feet in low, heelless slippers, with a net-work of black elastic crossing about the ankle, and the resemblance to her mother in the latter's palmy days of youth would be perfection itself.

A French dress of this style, worn not long since abroad, and much admired, was of white tulle, flounced nearly to the waist, and with a tiny galloon of silver run upon the flounces.

On the sides were panels formed of innumerable lilies of the valley with silver leaves.

A garland of the same delicate flowerets crossed the front of the short, low-necked waist, starting from the left shoulder. One might expect to see just such a toilet described, with no little detail changed, in some fashion chronicle of thirty years since.

And so the world goes round.

In Paris, at present, nothing in the way of woolen materials has as much of a vogue as the rough-finished, bourrette-like goods, whose soft, mossy and very warm-looking texture make them especially suitable for this season of the year.

A favorite style of making them up is with panels of wool brocaded with plush and velvet figures, diamonds, crescents, maccaroons, or what not on the skirt and bodices of the same made very close-fitting and with short basques, but sleeveless. The plain wool makes the sleeves.

Another style consists of a deep flounce of the stuff, laid in triple plaits and quite wide apart, allowing bands of brocaded wool, or of plain velvet, perhaps, in a contrast color, to pass up between.

Passementerie may also be used for the purpose, or fancy galloon.

A polonaise, quite short in the front, is draped backward, with the entire fulness caught under a large bow of velvet, or a buckle, or a clasp.

Collar and cuffs to match the trimming on the skirt.

An effective color combination for a costume of this sort is dark steel gray and scarlet.

A costume of dark blue, with large black swallows on the rough, plushy surface, is also very effective with bands of dark garnet velvet running up between the broad box plaits.

A short, baggy tunic, like a huge puff, passes across the top of the skirt, under a skin-fitting corsage, with small round basques and a vest collar, cuffs, and revers of garnet velvet.

The hat to match this suit is a dark blue felt, with a broad brim lined with garnet, knots of garnet velvet on the outside, and two black swallows.

A good deal of vigogne is used just now, and will be during the winter, for house dresses.

Some pretty costumes of it are manufactured in the dark shades of the new colors with flounces covered with heavy silk embroidery of the same tone, and a Moliere vest of the embroidery, giving a charming "cachet" to the plain polonaise.

Another way still of making costumes of light wool is to have gathered flounces on the skirt, alternately of plain stuff and of checked surah, or wool spotted with maccaroons, then to have a puff of the plain material below the short basque, and a Moliere vest of the figured goods on the latter again.

Plaids for young girls and very young ladies are employed quite extensively for the entire dress, with a trimming of black velvet to set the whole thing off.

This black velvet may be set upon the edge of the deep plaited flounce and form a large bow at the back of the polonaise, which has a velvet vest and collar and cuffs; or again, there may be a plain tunic and a basque, with vest of velvet and cuffs and collar.

Velvet also comes in very nicely as a finish for dresses of checked wool.

One pretty model for this combination has a plaited skirt of the check—the plaits being large and hollow and filtered with crinoline in order that they may stand out properly—over a foundation skirt finished with a narrow plaiting of velvet.

The tunic is short and very bouffant, being bunched a great deal at about the hips. The basque has a short, blunt point back and front, and a very narrow velvet plastron, with a row of ball-buttons on either side.

Again, the check may be made into a corsage-blouse or carter's frock, if the person has a slight figure, and the fulness in the front of the waist may open over a point of velvet in the centre, while there is a velvet belt, with the accompanying collar and cuffs.

The skirt then may be almost covered with a plaited flounce of velvet, which shows two or three little plaitings of checked goods underneath, or it may have one kilting with a band of velvet, from six to eight inches deep, on the edge, or set up a trifle from it.

All these various styles can be modified in countless ways.

But they represent some of the leading tendencies of the actual fashions, and show both that the said tendencies are very eclectic, and that very pretty costumes can be made of inexpensive fabrics, and at small cost altogether.

So many complaints have been made as to the weight of skirts recently, so much discomfort, and, according to medical authority, so much ill-health caused by the same, that some efforts are now made to reduce this objection.

Fireside Chat.

FRENCH COOKERY.

FRENCH COOKERY — by which we mean Parisian cookery, or the art as practiced there, and in the other large central cities of France—is inventive, experimental, and, like ancient Athens, a passionate lover of something new.

First-rate French cooks originate new dishes, as first-rate French dressmakers set new fashions.

The world cannot go on everlastingly eating the same thing or wearing the same costume.

Every season, for instance witnesses some new-fangled salad, ushered in with a high-sounding name, consisting of an unusual combination of ingredients, or with some one ingredient decidedly predominating.

This has its run, at first either in a grand hotel, or a fashionable restaurant, or afterwards, generally, at the best tables throughout the town.

The inventor keeps the secret as long as he can; but genius is sure to have imitators and plagiarists.

It has grown old-fashioned and out of season.

The same is the case with what would be small side-dishes, had not side-dishes now gone out of date.

Every cook who respects himself tries to produce something of his own, bearing the mark of the master-hand, like a picture or a newspaper feuilleton.

His pride is to have it said about town (above all, to get it printed in a guide-book), "To have such or such a thing in perfection you must go to such a restaurant."

Still better, if it be added, "You can get some other thing nowhere else."

Some of these pleasing culinary inventions are fitted with names whose etymology is far from evident. Take, for example, aubrics of rice.

Had they been rubrics of rice, we might perhaps find a clue to their meaning. By whatever name, they are heartily welcome, especially to families who observe meagre days.

The late and great Baron Brisse compounds them thus:

"Scald a pound of rice, and then boil it in milk, keeping it rather thick. When half cold, incorporate with it a lump of butter, half a pound of grated cheese, and a few yolks of eggs. Taste and season as required and desired.

"Pour oiled butter into a small deep frying-pan; put in the cold rice with its additions, by table-spoonfuls, giving to each the form of a little cake.

Over a moderate fire, make each of these aubrics take color on each side. Arrange them in a circle on a napkin, lapping one over the other, and serve."

We may here note that French politeness is growing beautifully less on some occasions, has taken refuge in cookery recipes.

In the old style, as with us, the imperative mood was used. Thus, for stewed hare—the directions were: "Cut the hare into pieces," and so on; just as Mrs. Glass said, "First catch your hare."

The last bit of literary refinement is to use the infinitive mood; thus, instead of couper, it would now be couper le lievre—a mild suggestion, instead of a command. The words "you ought," or "we advise you," are understood, as grammarians say, at the opening of this urbane form of culinary instructions.

"Spinach Subrics.—(You will do well) to scald spinach-leaves in salted water; to squeeze them hard; to chop them and fry them slightly in butter; then to incorporate with them a little flour; to moisten them very soberly with cream; to season them and finish off with a few yolks of eggs.

When the preparation is well worked, and has acquired a certain consistence, (you are directed) to proceed with the cooking as above.

N. B.—Spinach subrics, sweetened with sugar instead of being seasoned with salt and spice, make a very pretty dish for the close of dinner.

French cooks likewise imitate the milliners in another of their devices for ensuring variety.

When they have nothing actually new to offer, they ingeniously resuscitate the old.

Paris accepts with equal good grace Louis XV. dresses and Louis XIV. dishes. All it positively insists upon is to have to-day something different from yesterday's fare and fashion.

And, indeed, the traditions of the old regime ought never to fall into utter oblivion.

Some dishes appear to resist the lapse of ages. Gateau de Savoie, commonly called sponge-cake, carried to Japan by Jesuit missionaries has been found there naturalized after two hundred years.

The provinces stick more persistently to the cookery, as well as to the costumes of their forefathers; still, a change is gradually coming over the spirit of their kitchen. The *Petit Journal*, the *Figaro*, and other daily publications continually acquaint every village cook with the latest innovations of the stew-pan.

French roasting is sometimes very bad, and sometimes very good; the first, when the joint is cruelly baked in the oven of a cooking-stove; the second, when the operation is performed by a jack and a spit before a good fire. A fowl or a turkey toasted in one of those tinned iron cases sometimes called tambours or American ovens, will come out with credit to itself and its toaster. But an excellent mode of roasting is generally practiced which deserves more frequent adoption in America—namely, the plan of roasting in a stew-pan over a mere handful of fire, which is preferable to any mode for small joints and poultry, which otherwise are apt to get dried up, and perhaps burnt outside.

Try, as a specimen dish, duck, so roasted, and green peas. After plucking, singeing and emptying your duck, cut off the neck close to the shoulders, tuck the feet behind the back, put the liver inside it, and stuff it, if you like (to Anglicise it), with chopped onion, sage and bread-crumbs, not over-seasoned with pepper and salt.

Correspondence.

ARTHUR, (Monroe, Pa.)—It is Pope that says, "The worst of madmen is a saint run mad."

PETE, (Buffalo, N. Y.)—We advise you to accept the kind and liberal offer of your friend, 2. No.

LEAH, (Jefferson, Ky.)— Dark-haired men generally admire fair-haired women. A year or two is of no consequence. Black and yellow. Very fair.

LAURIE, (Randolph, N. Va.)— The fact is that all carnivorous animals lap up water with their tongue. Herbivorous animals, such as the horse and the ox, suck it up.

READER, (Lenawee, Mich.)— A gentleman may address a young lady with whom he is intimately acquainted as "my dear miss" without being suspected of being in love with her.

S. Mc., (Adair, Io.)—Dished, in the sense of ruined or frustrated, is a contraction of the old English word disherit for disinherit. Byron, in "Don Juan," "Where's Brummell? Dished?"

S. S. L., (Huron, Mich.)—It is said the children of the blackest Africans are born white; but in a month they become pale yellow, in a year brown, at four years dirty black, and at thirty glossy black.

TYLER, (Delaware, Pa.) — Originally Freemasons were really connected with the building craft, and the members bonded themselves together somewhat after the manner of the modern trades' unions, to protect the interests of their trades.

SIMON, (Fairfield, Conn.)—Why should you feel bashful? Mix more in society—remember what Carlyle says: "The world is made up of so many millions—mostly fools." Surely you can go through life without a blush now you are convinced that you belong to the majority.

JACK, (Owen, Ky.)—The young lady is evidently smitten by you, and if you care for her (which we hope you do,) you ought at once to speak out your mind, and present her with an engagement ring. Remember, "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and lose no time.

SUSAN, (Columbia, N. Y.)— The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of handing a shoe to a purchaser of land, on the completion of a contract. Parents also gave a shoe to the husband on a daughter's marriage in token of yielding up their authority.

SARAH, (Camden, N. J.)—In future let your conversation in mixed companies always be general—for anyone who desires to please should never speak to gratify any particular vanity or inclination of their own, but with a rational desire to enjoy the pleasantness of conversation.

CLAUDE, (Tioga, Pa.)—The true, or royal tiger equals the lion in size. It is a native of India and the Indian islands. In ancient times its range of territory extended to the borders of Europe. In Sumatra the natives rarely kill them, having a notion "they are animated by the souls of their ancestors."

MISS, (Rockingham, N. H.)—Nothing is more essential. Unless active habits are cultivated—and cultivated from principle—no progress can be made in anything that is valuable; no respectability, intellectual, social, or moral, can be gained; and no confidence on the part of others can be realized.

T. A. G., (Phila., Pa.)—We say "bread and butter is wholesome," because by "bread and butter" we understand one thing. "The horse and chaise is at the door" is grammatical, of course. When the things are spoken of as distinct they require a plural verb—as "the bread and the cheese are both good."

LITTLE EMILY, (Venango, Pa.)—Before you permit the gentleman to pay you his addresses, examine your tastes and dispositions very carefully, and settle in your own mind what are the most important requisites of happiness in a married state. Having done this, give the gentleman a straightforward answer.

CISSIE, (Butler, Mo.) — Your affection for your lover blinds you from seeing his imperfections in their true color. The neglect of small courtesies in early life, and the outward or mental boorishness to which it leads, has been, to our certain knowledge, a more fruitful source of wretchedness than we have have time to relate.

SWEETHEART, (Stark, Ill.)—You have been playing the coquette, we fear, and have only now begun to experience the consequences. Why did you pay such attention to Sam's friend? Your lover has taken the sulks, evidently, and the only way out of the difficulty is for you to see him and tell him how you regret your folly.

FLORTILDA, (Hancock, O.)—We hardly can say we believe in ghosts, although we have read and heard some very convincing stories respecting their alleged doings. We think if you go to reside a month or two at the seaside your nervous system will become strengthened, and you will find that the ghosts will have departed on your return home.

JANIE, (Cauly, Minn.)—Cover the parrot's cage at night, or rather in the evening, and then repeat to her slowly and distinctly the words she is desired to learn. Parrots should be kept away from places where they would be liable to hear disagreeable noises, such as street cries and the whistling and shouts of boys at play, or they will imitate them, and become too noisy to be tolerated.

WIFE, (Phila., Pa.)—Be content with the dress which your husband can afford to buy for you. You are on the brink of a moral gulf, and had better be warned in time. Look often on your marriage ring, and remember the vows taken by you when the ring was given; such thoughts will go far towards allaying many of those petty vexations which are called forth by the circumstances you describe.

OSGOOD, (Phila., Pa.)—Venus's girdle was said to possess the magical power of exciting love. Your sweetheart has, no doubt read Homer's "Iliad," where the father of poetry thus describes the girdle:—

"In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."